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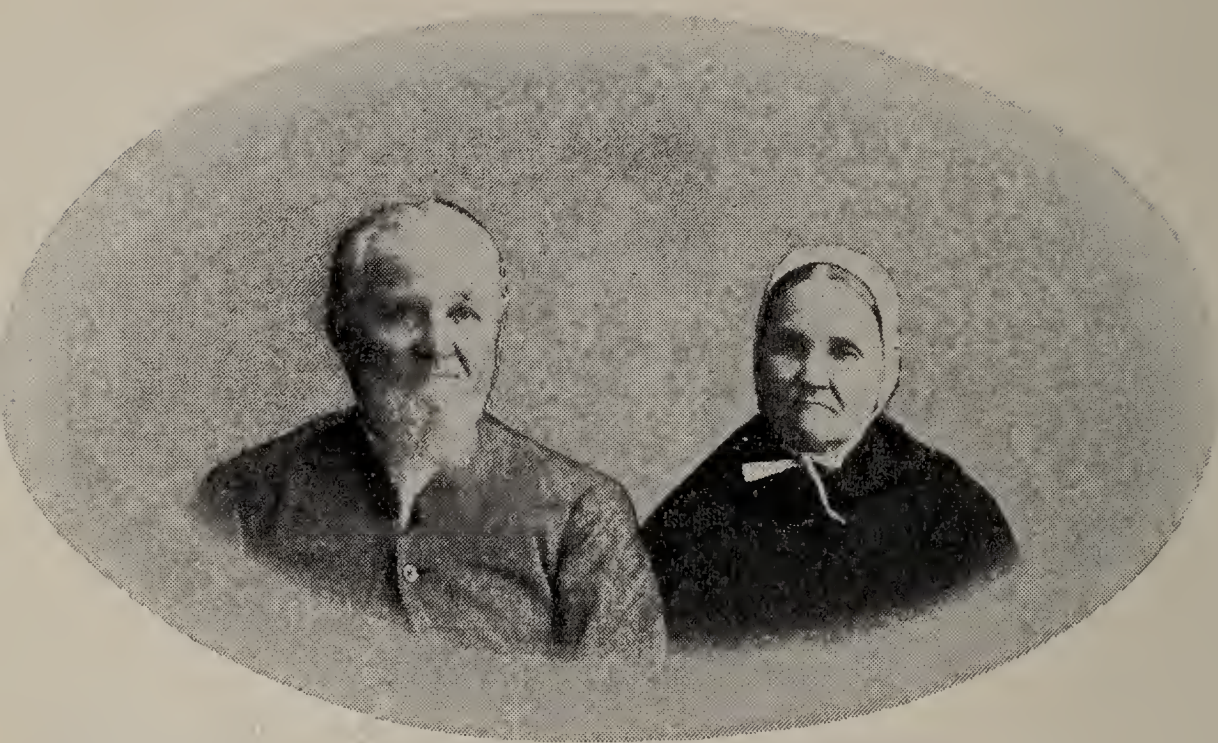


# **A HISTORY<sup>e</sup> of the HOKE FAMILY**

A GENEALOGICAL HISTORY OF THE  
DESCENDANTS OF GEORGE HOKE WHO EMI-  
GRATED TO AMERICA FROM GERMANY,  
TRACING IN DETAIL THE BRANCHES OF THE  
FAMILY OF JEREMIAH S. HOKE RESIDING  
IN OHIO.

**BY**  
**GEORGE WASHINGTON HOKE**  
**and**  
**The Historian Committee**  
**of the Jeremiah S. Hoke Reunion**

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Covington, Ohio



OUR GODLY ANCESTORS  
JEREMIAH S. HOKE  
AND  
MARY ELIZABETH DOHNER HOKE

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**DEDICATION**

WE DEDICATE THIS WORK TO THE PLEASANT AND SACRED MEMORIES OF OUR FOREFATHERS AND TO OUR POSTERITY, WHO WE HOPE WILL APPRECIATE THE PRIVATIONS AND SUFFERINGS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN THEIR DETERMINATION TO ESTABLISH A NEW HOME IN AMERICA WHERE THEY COULD SERVE GOD WITHOUT FEAR OF BEING PERSECUTED FOR CHRISTIAN BELIEFS THAT THEY PRIZED SO HIGHLY.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON HOKE  
For The Historian Committee

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### **TRANSLATION**

#### **OF THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE**

#### **REPRODUCED ON PAGE 132:**

To David Hock and his wife, Catharina, born Schnobly, a son is born into the world the 15th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1834.

This child is born in Lebanon Township in Lebanon County, in the State of Pennsylvania, in North America and is baptized by Herr Preacher ....., and assumes the name Jeremiah Hock.

Life and Baptismal Certificate

## INTRODUCTION

George Washington Hoke, (number 14) was the youngest of the family of Jeremiah S. and Mary Dohner Hoke. He served for over fifty years on the Historian Committee, being a member from the very first formation of the Committee. He is better acquainted with the story of the Hokes than any other of our number. And for most of his lifetime, he has had a very deep interest in our ancestral heritage.

However, there were many limitations and hindrances to his compiling a Hoke history. Rearing a family and providing for them is no small task. It occupied most of his adult years until a most painful and costly accident made him unable to do much more physical work. It seemed to all of us a most tragic misfortune.

But almost all significant progress is based on sacrifice. So it was in this case, that Uncle George's suffering was probably the means used for the recording of this family story. It had been talked for years. Most of the family had almost concluded it would never get any farther than "just talk". But it increased as a great conviction with Uncle George until even the seeming impossibilities of a very meagre education were ignored and he began to write.

The finished result is the labor of a number of individuals. Harry Hoke carried the burden of keeping genealogical records almost alone for many years. J. C. Cassel did much valuable research at the Library of Congress and elsewhere. But Uncle George is truly the author of this work and deserves the major credit for it. As he writes in his own statement of purpose, "Now there was no doubt born in me an inherent inclination for the study of my kinfolks. Back in early

childhood I had a desire to learn more about our kin-folks". He goes on to say "Ever since I have been on the historian committees, both of the Dohners and the Hokes, for the past thirty years, I always had a great desire to have a history published and put into print."

The editing of materials and actual writing and arrangement of the book were the work of Jesse W. Hoover (number 58). The checking, arranging and indexing of the genealogical records was largely the work of Mrs. Harvey W. Hoke, (H. W. Hoke, number 18) and assisted by J. C. Cassel (number 22.)

For the brief chapter on "Early Dohner Ancestry" we are indebted to Harry H. Dohner who also furnished a genealogical table of the line of Dohner's leading to our own Mother, Mary Dohner Hoke.

All were constantly under the direction and suggestion and criticism of the entire present Historian Committee. And all the Historian Committees from the first had an important part in preservation of vital materials. Without the devotion of the members of the family during these fifty years, this history could never have come into being.

But behind and beyond all the other contributors, the greatest share of credit for this Story of the Hokes is due to the constant, undiminishing interest, prodding and labor of Uncle George.

And so, although the story has been arranged and put into more readable form, it still is essentially the story as seen through the eyes of Uncle George. Therefore, most of this little volume is written in the first person, as recollected and related personally by the Author, the last of his generation.

Jesse W. Hoover

## PREFACE

It was a stormy day along the palm-lined beaches of Florida. The usual tranquility of those balmy days under the Southern skies had been rudely shattered. The frothing ocean still bore angry witness to the lashing of the wind as I stood on the sands and looked away toward the setting sun. Even that giant source of unceasing light at first seemed to be affected by the discordant elements, his great red eye looking bloodshot from the beating of the waves.

Subtly a peaceful, golden glory diffused itself across the leaden sky and extended swiftly along the billows until it brought the magic carpet of light almost to my feet in the surf that lashed the shore. The sun was smiling now from between the towering peaks of clouds, which were swiftly transformed into mountains of gold. It was an enchanted scene strongly suggesting to my mind the glorious gates of the New Jerusalem. The trail of brilliant gold reflected across the sea betokened the golden streets.

Slowly but unhesitatingly the sun now sank behind the waves. So surpassingly beautiful was that sunset scene that I thought it was beckoning me to enter the heavenly portals. As it took its final dip beyond the western horizon it brought a great peace into my soul and promise of an even more beautiful sunrise on the calm banks of sweet deliverance beyond Jordan's stormy banks, where they need no sun to shine by day nor moon to shine by night.

With the peace and the promise came also a pensiveness. My mind leaped beyond the beckoning portals, as I "cast a wishful eye, to Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie." I thought I

could see a long banquet table over there. Seated around were Father and Mother and my brothers and sisters, thirteen in all, with our blessed Savior welcoming them Home. Looking more closely I thought I saw a vacant chair between Pap and Mother there, just as it used to be when I was the baby between them at the long table in the old home along the County Line Road. That chair is beckoning to me now.

It cannot be long until I will take my place between Pap and Mother to again complete the unbroken circle of a family reunion first instituted over fifty years ago. The purpose and the spirit of that first reunion continue with us today. God grant that it may be so until all the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, even to the last generation—until all are safely Home.

That is the purpose for this family history as it has been compiled with such painstaking effort and hours of time. Its object is not to magnify a human name, but rather to glorify the 'Grace of God. For truly it is a most humbling yet challenging record of the miraculous moving of the Almighty as we review His leading during the generations of our family.

Since I was the youngest, the baby of the family of fourteen children, I had more opportunity to be with Father and Mother than some of the rest of the family did. There were nine who lived to maturity—five died in infancy or childhood.

As so often happens, the youngest child was often teased and tantalized by the older brothers and sisters. It made me alert to every word, to every act. And it also caused Father and Mother to take me with them more often than might otherwise have been the case. There are many recollections which must be omitted



THE AUTHOR, GEORGE W. HOKE AND WIFE

from this history. But there are many more that may be of benefit to the future generations and are worth preserving. This is especially true of the recollections of Father and Mother and the older generation. For when I am gone the last of the immediate family of Jeremiah and Mary Hoke will have passed on.

I want to help you and the generations yet unborn to trace the majestic movements of the story of our own family. We have read the inspiring accounts of God's gracious dealings with Abraham and his family so long ago in Bible times. We have been deeply impressed with the recounting of God's hand of blessing on other families down through the ages. Lest we forget, we here may trace the leadings of His Providence in our own generations. This history recounts the fulfillment of His promise right down to this hour—His promise to reward the faith of the fathers down

to the third and fourth generations of them that fear Him.

As the sunset approaches for me, this has been my cherished hope and fixed determination. I want to preserve in an enduring form the memories and the ideals of our rich family heritage. This book will be the crowning achievement of nearly fifty years of effort by the Historian Committee. I have been a member of that Committee from the very first. When I am gone, the last of the second generation of the Jeremiah S. Hoke family, it will be most difficult if not impossible to gather the interweaving strands of the story into a meaningful pattern.

To this cause I have dedicated these few years of my life since I have been compelled to quit the more active arena of economic competition and business. After I lost my leg, the interest which had laid so long nearly dormant, sprung into new vitality. From my earliest recollection of the visit of our kin-folks who came to our place, there has been to me a peculiar fascination in learning about our family background and connections.

I well remember when my Uncles came from Pennsylvania to Ohio to visit, back in 1881. There were the three of them, George, David and Jacob, brothers to our father, Jeremiah S. Hoke. I was a very small lad, only five years old. I can still visualize how they looked, and certain things which happened at that time left such an impression on my mind that the seventy years which have intervened have not erased them. Had they not come from far-off Pennsylvania, that rather mystical old home place of Father and Mother? There was something about them that made them seem so different from the folks we knew in

Ohio. I listened with every nerve. All my senses were startlingly alert, for I was afraid I might miss one syllable of that highly treasured experience.

From those earliest recollections I had a strong desire to learn all I could about my kinfolks and their customs, traditions and beliefs. As I grew to manhood, the pressure of making a livelihood for myself and family crowded these ideals into the background, and temporarily eclipsed my fervor for our family history. Some of the hard places in life and especially these latter comparatively inactive years have given me much time to ponder the past and put down on paper some of my own recollections as well as some of the things which I learned from conversing with others and delving somewhat into the records.

I had always cherished the hope that someone would undertake the task of writing a family history. But I never dreamed that I could. However the task has fallen to me. Although I feel very inadequate, I have undertaken to do what I could, trusting that someone would come to my assistance to complete the work and put the materials into proper form for publication.

So I send this book on its way as the sun begins to set for me on this scene, but to rise on a better reunion. May this little volume be an added impetus to all who read it, inspiring them to keep the circle unbroken for that homecoming in the skies. If this Hoke Family History contributes just a little to that end, I shall consider my years of application to this task well spent.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HOKE

## SUGGESTIONS FOR USING THE BOOK

Nearly everyone, at least on occasion, wonders about his ancestry. It is a great source of pleasure to find the footprints of noble, worthy forefathers. And information about such predecessors can and should be a powerful inspiration to their children to carry on the heritage which they have been given.

Information about the past is not easy to obtain. Someone has said that our forefathers were so busy making history that they did not have time to write it. It is often most difficult to sift traditions and folklore from true facts, so that a correct story can be unfolded. Yet even the folklore has an attraction which is not without value. For there is usually a large element of fact intermingled. And probably most of the rest is true to the pattern and spirit, if not to the letter.

It is the purpose of this volume to give an accurate account of our family story, yet give it the personal touch which will make it alive and interesting to read. Too many histories are such dull recounting of cold fact that they are seldom opened.

The reader perchance may find errors in historical details, if he searches carefully. It should be borne in mind that the authors of this history have a two-fold purpose in its publication: First, to preserve, as nearly correct and complete as possible, the genealogy of the families descending from our venerable, godly ancestors so that future generations may know of the Providence which has so marvelously moulded our history; and Second, to set forth the religious principles and teachings which have been brought down from our godly forefathers and which continue to bring Heaven's blessing to the third and fourth, yea the ninth generations.

Therefore, this book should be used as an inspiration to carry on the godly heritage which has been so singularly manifest in our forefathers. To this purpose the first part of the book lends itself. The second composed of the genealogical records, should be used as a reference. It is not designed for continuous reading, but rather to record the place in the family line where any individual belongs.

Do not attempt to crowd too many dates into your mind. Usually you cannot rely upon your memory for accuracy of figures, anyway. As a rule they do not impress themselves sufficiently to be retained accurately. That is the purpose of this genealogy—to retain this vital information for you in a printed, permanent form so that you need not try to burden your mind with remembering. Keep a copy at hand for ready reference.

Keep your own records up-to-date. Blank pages are left for this purpose. You can extend the record of your own branch of the family, which will be of priceless value to your own future generations.

Finally, use this record as a basis for correspondence with relatives who otherwise you might never know. Broaden your contacts and interests, enrich your life and the lives of others. It will contribute to the accumulating heritage of a family whom God has singularly blest. And it will make you more deeply appreciative of the mysterious way God brings about His purposes.

With the publication of this little volume ends one phase of the work and responsibility of the Historian Committee. The author has been consistently a member of that Committee since the first organization in 1903. We are now putting into permanent form the

records we have collected and preserved. From this time forward, it will be the responsibility of each family to continue its own records. We can no longer hope to keep the records complete for the entire family lineage of Jeremiah S. Hoke.

And so if this history is to have a continuing significance for future generations, you should use the blank pages to keep the current record of your own branch of the family. Make it your business to record there the births, marriages, deaths and other pertinent facts about your own division of the family tree. Explain to your children and to your children's children what is their connection with this genealogy. Make it continue to grow into the years to come, an evergreen tree of continued blessing to the generations yet unborn.

This volume consists then of two parts. Part I is the unfolding of the background and the story of the Hoke family branch which located in Montgomery and Miami Counties in Southern Ohio, including a Chapter on the connection of the Dohner's, the ancestral line of Mother Hoke and a Chapter on the Seth Hoke family, a nephew of Father Hoke who was closely associated with the Jeremiah S. Hoke family in Ohio.

Part II is the genealogical tables. Section I is the Jeremiah S. Hoke genealogy. Section II is the Dohner genealogy as the Dohners are directly related to the Hokes. Section III is the Seth A. Hoke genealogy.

THE HISTORIAN COMMITTEE



THE HOKE FAMILY -- 1903. Back Row: George, Elias. Center Row: Amanda, Levi, Aaron, Catharine, David. Seated: Clara, Father Jeremiah S. Hoke, Mother Mary Elizabeth Dohner Hoke, and Samuel.



**PART I**

**The Story of the**

**Hokes**

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**SECTION I**

**FROM ZWEIBRICKEN, GERMANY**

**TO MIAMI COUNTY, OHIO**

## EUROPEAN ROOTS

The history of our forefathers ,before the landing of the founders of our branch of the family in America, is veiled and fragmentary. We have not much in the way of definite records of our Hoke ancestry in Europe. We can deduce certain things from our knowledge of the general conditions which prevailed at the time, as well as the locale and the type of people among whom they lived.

For a little over two hundred years, the struggle for religious freedom had tormented the greatest souls of the Continent. The Reformation led by Martin Luther in Germany had merged into political revolution and eventually became a State religion. In Switzerland under Calvin and Zwingli, the State religion again became nearly as oppressive as it had been under the Roman Papacy. Bitter intolerance characterized the Protestant leaders toward any who did not agree with them.

From the very earliest centuries of church history, there consistently had been the minority groups who did not yield to the general formality, hypocrisy and corruption to which the organized church gradually succumbed. There were frequently martyrs who preferred death to even the slightest deviation from their understanding of the meaning of the Bible and the will of God. It was the persistent, patient endurance of those hardy spirits in every generation which prevented a complete abandonment to the paganism of the surrounding society and a total loss of the real spirit and principles of the Christian faith. Jesus had foretold that His true followers would thus suffer for their faith.

As the Protestant Reformation gradually was siphoned into Nationalistic channels, the more pious and sincere of the common folks found themselves out of fellowship with the Protestant movement as they had been with Roman Catholicism. The record of the treatment of these Protestant minorities by their fellow Protestants, who were in control of the recognized State religion, is one of the most regrettable chapters of history to be found anywhere. How monstrous it seems to us! Yet they thought they were doing God's service.

In Southern Germany, or Bavaria, there were the followers of John Huss, known as Hussites. In the princely State of Moravia, Count Zinzendorf led a singularly pure religious movement which continues to this day under the name of Moravians. The followers of Peter Waldo, one of the so-called "Poor Men of Lyons" in France, were known as Waldenses. They too continue to the present in spite of almost unimaginable persecutions, fleeing from France across the rugged, snow capped Alps into Switzerland, then in turn crossing the ice bound Lake Geneva and seeking refuge like wild mountain goats among the nearly inaccessible crags and crevasses of the wild Alpine mountains of Northern Italy.

The story could be repeated with slight variations in nearly every dukedom of central Europe in those years. The most sincere and pious of the Christians were misunderstood by their fellows. Differences knew no common ground of religious tolerance. And so the strong sought to exterminate the weak. By force, the Nationalistic Protestant leadership attempted to establish their particular brand of religion as the only one permissible.

To sincere, conscientious souls this was monstrous. It was impossible for them to abandon their beliefs, even to preserve their lives. They sought to escape from their persecutors by fleeing to other countries. They found temporary refuge in Hesse, in Holland, and later Russia, as well as other European countries. But God, as always, had His hand on affairs. The new world, known as America, had been discovered only recently, by Columbus, less than a hundred years before. It was just now being opened up for settlement. It was a most remarkably providential provision for these pathetically persecuted minorities, who were the greatest souls of all Europe.

In Switzerland and Southern Germany and eventually in other lands, there arose a group of dissenters known as Anabaptists, later as Swiss Brethren. When a converted Catholic Priest in Holland, Menno Simons by name, became their recognized leader still later, in 1524, they became known generally as Mennonites.

In Germany Alexander Mack was shepherding a group of followers of the simple way. They were known as Brethren. They took the Bible as their only creed and as their guide for faith and practice. Along with the Pietists and Dissenters in various lands they insisted on adult baptism, administered only to those who were old enough to make personal confession of faith.

All these and many similar small groups of simple, Bible-loving Christians in many lands, endured untold hardships to preserve the right to obey God as they understood His will. Often the persecutions grew in intensity until they became altogether unbearable. Thousands grasped the opportunity to escape from their tormentors by coming to the unbroken wilderness

which was America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Certainly we can detect the hand of Providence in this also. The peoples of Europe had become so firmly attached to their native soil, through centuries of living in one village, and farming one plot of land through many generations, that it required more than human agencies to uproot them. They were little better than serfs or slaves to the great landholders. From the standpoint of a livelihood, their lot was certainly not easy. The best for which they might hope was a mere existence with perhaps a few of the simple pleasures of the village peasants. They did not hold much promise for a greater future, bound by the narrow confines of their struggle for existence .

However, it was almost like tearing a part of their very body from them when they were torn from their soil ,and from their native villages. This was perhaps the most cruel of all the oppressions. When a person was branded as a heretic, his land was often forfeited. Others were always most eager to get additional land for their own benefit. And so the lot of conscientious Christians who would not deny their faith became gradually unendurable. It was perhaps God's way of detaching them from their native land to which they clung so tenaciously.

But God had already prepared an escape. America beckoned. Although the way seemed foreboding, and the unexplored jungles pressed menacingly against the narrow row of settlements along the Atlantic seaboard, yet it was to prove God's great paradise of unparalleled opportunity. So it is that God's greatest benefits often are disguised in a sinister garb. The last and greatest agony, that of being displaced from their

ancestral homes and lands, was designed to be their greatest good.

The Swiss Brethren, or Anabaptists, or Menno-nites, as they were variously known in different places and at different times, were among the most severely persecuted. Many books have been written about their sufferings, migrations, and miraculous preservation. It is not within the scope of this book to rehearse these histories. We only make brief mention, since apparently these Swiss Brethren were our direct ancestors. And in order to understand our family heritage as we have developed it in this country, we need to have at least a minimum of background of the hardy mountain folks who preferred the arduous task of conquering a vast, primeval wilderness rather than to remain in their well-developed communities and in their comparatively comfortable homes while their posterity were slowly twisted into the moulds of government-dictated thought and faith.

From the year 1728 for about nine years, there appears to have been an especially bitter outbreak of persecution in Switzerland and the Palatinate of Southern Germany. It is supposed that the Hokes emigrated from this area during this time. Whether they migrated first from Switzerland to Zweibriken Germany and established temporary residence there, or whether they were originally from this section of Germany, we do not know.

## THE DOHNER ROOT

Since our Mother was born a Dohner, we include in this history a brief account of the line of Dohners which merges with our Hoke line at the marriage of our Father, Jeremian S. Hoke to Mary Elizabeth Dohner.

For our information about the Dohner side, we are largely indebted to Harry H. Dohner, who was a life long resident of Miami County and from the same immediate community as our own family, living a few miles west of the old homestead. Harry spent much time throughout a large part of his life time collecting data about his family history. Our other chief informant is our Aunt Annie Hitz, sister to Mother Hoke. We have her record of some of the family in her own handwriting.

The Dohner story, gives some interesting side-lights on life in those early days. Since we assume that the two families came from the same general area of Europe, and from the same religious and economic persecution and pressure, and since these immigrant families settled in the same communities in Pennsylvania, there are interesting parallels in their histories.

We quote from the writings of Harry H. Dohner.

“The collections of material for this background of the German-American Dohners (Downers, Donners, Doners) was begun by the writer in 1889 while many of our nineteenth century ancestors were still with us. But it is to be regretted that some one or more of our earlier ancestry, whose memory reached back of the Revolutionary period, did not begin this task for us for then it could have been more successfully carried on. However information was secured I have done my

utmost to give it in the most reliable form possible, but there will, no doubt, be errors detected and when so done just note correction and be content with the fact that Father Time has entombed with the Past much valuable information.

“In so far as I have found, no one of the name has gained national fame, but thousands I believe, have gained undying fortune in the realm of Immortality.

“William Penn must be given credit for diverting the larger part of the German emigration to Pennsylvania and it might be noted that, according to West’s Modern History, the Pennsylvania Dutch came from southern Germany.

“Many Palatines came from Switzerland also, from where they had taken refuge during troublesome times in Germany.

“In February 1718, Jacob Kendrick was granted a tract of 5553 acres of land in Chester County, Pa. Jacob soon died intestate and without issue and his brother George received the estate.

“On December 24, 1731, Michael and Jacob Downer secured 400 acres of the Kendrick land paying 25 pounds, English money, for each ones half interest of 400 acres.

“Michael took the north half, located on each side of Millcreek and Jacob took the south half.

“Jacob and Elizabeth (Woolslagel), his wife, seem to have had four children, one whom was the grandfather of Jacob Jr. and George Jr. Donner, who in 1846 left Sagamon County, Illinois to go by covered wagon to California.

“The adventure ended in tragic death by starvation and cold.

“Jacob Sr. had another son who settled in Earl township and was known as “Michael of Earl”.

“On August 22, 1734, by warrant, Michael Sr., purchased another farm, containing 260 acres, located in Lebanon township, Lancaster County.

“Sometime between 1731 and 1755, John Binkle, “the Miller of grain”, built a Mill-dam across Millcreek that caused damage to Michael Downer’s land in Lampeter township, Lancaster County. In 1755, Michael sold a water-right, along Millcreek to John Binkle for 35 pounds.”

Harry Dohner continues with more details of the historic tragedy in the Rocky Mountains.

“The ancestry of Jacob and George Donner runs back to Michael’s brother Jacob and wife, Elizabeth Woolslagel.

“Jacob’s son George Sr., emigrated to South Carolina where his two sons, Jacob and George Jr., grew to manhood.

“After their marriage they emigrated to Kentucky, later to Sagamon County, Illinois.

“They attended religious services in the German Prairie Christian church near Springfield.

“They seemed to be very prosperous and being of a pioneering nature they with others, began emigration to California on April 15, 1846.

“Many difficulties hindered their progress but finally they arrived in eastern California near Truckee lake, later called Donner Lake.

“It was here in early November, that they were closed in by the winter storms. The mountain valleys were deep and snow filled them to a great depth.

“Thus ended a brave but grim pilgrimage which resulted in death of forty-two persons from a party of ninety, in what came to be known as fateful Donner Pass.”

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FIVE OF THE DOHNER FAMILY:

Seated: Anna, and Mother Hoke. Standing: Michael.  
Left Insert: Christian. Right Insert: Joseph.

## A LOOK AT THE PROMISED LAND

It was the day of sailing vessels. The principle of steam or other power applied to locomotion either on land or sea was not yet developed. Weeks dragged into weary months in crossing the sinister seas. The chances were great, the dangers grave. The sailing ships which depended on the erratic wind currents to push them across the thousands of miles of trackless ocean were hardly as large as some of our modern pleasure yachts which scarcely venture out of sight of land.

It took brave souls to face the hazards of such a crossing. And no less hardihood was required when at long last, the voyager perchance was able to set foot on the soil of the New World. A few straggling, scattered settlements along the Atlantic seaboard represented about all that was known of this vast, unexplored continent. True, a few more hardy and venturesome had gone up the St. Lawrence River, across the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi River. A few trappers and Indian traders were scattered along the inland waterways, the only highways available then.

But most of the territory beyond the Hudson and the Delaware Rivers was still firmly held by the Red Men, and the wild inhabitants of the primitive forests. Just how many European settlers there were along the Atlantic Coast in 1700, we do not know. The best estimate places the number at around 200,000. Imagine! 200,000 white people facing the thousands of miles of untamed forests, mountains and plains!

By 1750, there were probably about 1,100,000 white people in America. By 1776, when the colonies declared their independence, there were probably ap-

proximately two and one-half millions of white people here.

When our ancestors came across, there was a mere handful of settlers forming a very thin line between the forboding forests to the West and the dangerous Atlantic Ocean separating them from their old homes in Europe. We can scarcely imagine the grave undertaking which it was to come to America in those primitive days.

When the first census was taken in 1790, it showed that there were only about four million people in all the thirteen states scattered from the Canadian line near the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

However ,the growth of population became so rapid that there early developed a great pressure for more lands to the West. This quickly engendered resistance by the original Americans, erroneously named Indians and contemptuously called redskins or even less complimentary names. While it is true that these first Americans were primitive, they were not unfriendly to the pale-face until betrayed and pressed into increasngly bitter resistance by the perfidy of the white settlers.

It is to the credit of William Penn that he based his colonial policy on fairness, not only to all refugees from Europe, but also to the Indians who held first rights to the land. As a consequence of Penn's fairness, Pennsylvania remained comparatively free from the atrocities which so much characterized some other territories. This probably accounts in large measure for the greater prosperity of the Pennsylvania Dutch communities, an advantage which continues to reflect itself even to the present day.

A bitter war began in 1754 and was fought for possession of the plains beyond the Appalachian Range of Mountains. For it was not long before the settlers were pushing through the mountains to the coveted, fertile plains beyond, known as the Northwest Territory. This is known in history as the French and Indian War, and in general marked the turning point in the attitude of the red-skinned natives toward the white men from Europe. A rivalry had grown up between the French settlers farther north in what is now Canada and the settlers from England, both of whom laid claim to the great plains to the West. In the struggle which ensued one of the greatest tragedies of American History developed. To gain advantage, the French deliberately incited the Indians to atrocities against the English Colonists. For about ten years the settlers in what was at that time the western part of Pennsylvania, were subjected to frequent horrible massacres by the Indians. Whether any of the Hokes were victims, we have no record. But we do have records of many others of the peace-loving settlers of surrounding communities who were victims of the atrocities. These uprisings in Pennsylvania were not settled until 1765. A hostility was thus fomented, which never abated until the tide of conquest of new territories had carried all the way across the three thousand miles of continent to the Pacific Ocean. Every westward step was bitterly contested by the Indians. This meant a grave difference in the lives of those early pioneers.

After the Revolutionary War, or more correctly called the War for American Independence, the first settlement on the Ohio River was established at Marietta, Ohio (1788). Cincinnati was a little cluster of

a few log cabins, established in 1790. In 1803, St. Louis was the only point firmly held on the upper reaches of the Mississippi River, a sprawling cluster of log cabins, surrounding the log fort. In 1831 the site of Chicago was occupied by a few settlers, mostly trappers and Indian traders, surrounding Fort Dearborn.

But while the cities were slow in developing, the western country was fast being taken by the homesteaders. It was not necessary to have large cities then, because the pioneers produced most of the things which they needed for themselves. It was still the era of home industry.

Up to 1803, our nation was bounded by the Mississippi River. In that year, the vast Louisiana Territory was purchased from France. This extended our domain to the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, doubling the area of the United States.

## TAKING ROOT IN NEW SOIL

Life was far different in the American wilderness than it had been in the centuries-old ancestral villages of Europe. While it was true that there were no modern conveniences and luxuries in Europe, yet the hard, primitive life in the forests of the New World was a much greater change than we can well imagine. The land was an almost unbroken jungle of great forests. No one knew how far they extended. A few hardy explorers had ventured up some of the larger inland rivers. Trappers and traders had begun some trade with the more friendly Indian tribes at strategic spots along some of these waterways.

But the Colonies were perched along the Atlantic seaboard from the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of Mexico—a thin line of refugees from Europe defying the primitive jungles of a vast continent.

However, we must remember that these earliest immigrants were the very select of Europe. They were not for the most part from among the rich and titled, not from the proud nobility calling themselves the blue bloods. They were rather the plain, common people of Europe, from among the workers and peasants. And from among their people they were the noblest and the hardiest. They were men who thought for themselves, refusing to abdicate their right of reason to the dictates of any demagogue. They were men who braved the foreboding seas to escape the intolerable serfdom of regimented thinking. They were men of thrift, of unflagging energy, unflinching courage, daring enterprise, characters great and true upon which a nation like ours could safely be built. They were men of God, called of God, working with God.

Therefore they could defy the primitive, threatening frontiers of a new continent with confidence. God was with them.

It was about the year 1660 when William Penn so strongly advocated his Quaker doctrine in his native England, that he was expelled from the Church of England. Almost all British people were of necessity members of the State Church, the Church of England, in those days. The Quakers in England had much in common with the Pietistic groups on the Continent. And so, Penn found sympathetic listeners as he journeyed extensively through France and Holland, then later also through Germany. He knew personally the bitterness of persecution, which was the lot of many of the most devout of every country and kindred in those cruel times. For Penn had spent a long term in goal, the name for the horrible prisons of that early day. And he was determined to open a door of opportunity to all who were oppressed.

As a result of Penn's visit to the Swiss Brethren in the Palatinate, a wealthy Mennonite became interested in the plight of some of his own people who had come down the Rhine River in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Accordingly he made possible the purchase of a tract on the west bank of the Delaware River in what came to be known as Pennsylvania, which means, Penn's Woods.

The result was the landing of a dozen or more families of Mennonites a few miles north of the port which became known as Philadelphia. This Mennonite settlement was known as Germantown. The names of these first settlers would indicate that they were from Holland or perhaps the lower Palatinate.

The very interesting History of this first colony of the people who were so near akin to our own direct forebears, is given in full in other histories. Some of their desperate struggles, some of their heart-breaking disappointments, some of the grim-visaged foreboding of the dense, encroaching forests just back of the little clearing, some of their hopes, some of the joy of being free at last from religious oppression, must have trickled back to their beleaguered brethren still in Europe.

And so it was that a little group of refugees found themselves on the tiny ship "Mary Hope" sailing from London in the Early spring of 1710. They arrived in Philadelphia late that fall. It was a long, treacherous voyage across the stormy Atlantic in those days. It seems certain that our maternal grandfather, Michael Dohner with his associates and friends, came on this boat. They at once proceeded to secure their grant of land from William Penn.

Michael Dohner took out a claim to land in Lancaster County. The old home is located about ten miles south of the city of Lancaster on what is now State Road 323 near New Danville. The stone house is just north of the Mennonite College recently established there.

There are many evidences remaining of the kind of life these early settlers lived in this new country. Anyone who is interested may easily visit some of these scenes so hallowed by the memories of our Godly ancestors who once toiled there, building first their simple log cabins, later to be replaced by the spacious, sturdy stone or brick houses which stand intact today

as silent but eloquent witnesses to the sturdiness and permanence of the character of the builders.

The Amish people are very numerous in this part of the State. Many accounts have been written about them and their singular customs. To us, in connection with this history, they are of interest primarily as they represent something of the same type of living as existed in earlier days. Their one strong characteristic is resistance to change in almost any way. And so they picture to us something of the conditions which prevailed in earlier years when our own forefathers were making a new home for their families in a new country.

We mention here only a couple of the more outstanding relics of the early days which have been preserved or restored to their original status. One of the most interesting and singular is the cloister of the old German Brethren at Ephrata, in Lancaster County. This is probably the first experiment in America of communal living, established in 1728. It would be worth your time to visit this old cloister to see for yourself some of the very crude conditions in which our early settlers lived.

Up the mountain beyond Birdsboro at Hopewell, there is an old forge which has been restored to its original state. One can see the very difficult way in which those pioneers obtained their metals for constructing their machinery, household appliances and other primitive needs. It typifies the initiative and determination of those sturdy people, in defying the great handicaps of the untamed wilderness, and as God gave authority to Adam in Eden, 'subduing the forces of primitive nature to be their servants. It required great courage, deep determination, fixed hope

for the future, unwavering faith in the promise of God, and uncanny inventive genius, besides great physical endurance to face the encroaching, seemingly endless depths of unbroken wilderness stretching away to the West no one knew where. But God was with them. This was His plan—to give a new home and a new release of life to His faithful followers.

About twenty-four years after the landing of the party from the *Mary Hope*, in 1734 the three Hoke brothers came to America. These brothers Michael, Andrew and George, were destined to be the progenitors of most, if not all, of the various lines of Hokes found in this country. Through various circumstances, the name came to be spelled in several ways. The original was Hock. From that we have derived Hook, Hoak, Hooke, Haug, Haik, and Hoke and perhaps other variations.

The one brother, Michael, took up a land grant in Lancaster County, built a home and settled there. A second brother, Andrew, went on to what later became York County across the great Susquehanna River. The third brother, George, secured land and established a home for his family in what is now Lebanon County along what became known as Schnitz Creek.

It will help us to avoid confusion over what may at first appear to be conflicts in the records of where our ancestors settled, if we remind ourselves that Lancaster County originally included a vast domain. It was not until 1813 that Lebanon County was formed from a part of the territory which had formerly been included in Lancaster County. I do not have available the date of the formation of York County. And so, the original records, if they could be traced, would undoubtedly show all three of the Hoke brothers, having

settled in scattered portions of the original Lancaster County.

Our forefathers were part of the so-called "Plain People" of the early days of Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Dutch, or Plain People, came from various parts of Europe. Although predominantly German, they were not exclusively so. They had many backgrounds, many varied experiences, many differences in belief. But one thing which they had in common was a longing and determination for true liberty, especially freedom to worship and serve God as they felt right. And so it was that different nationalities, different religious roots, found common soil and common growth in the sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch. It was one of the most successful areas of the great melting pot which is America.

It is to us most interesting and singular to observe that one of the Hokes settled in the same community where a branch of the Dohners was already rooted. This eventually meant the merging of these two pious and simple but noble families. For the Hokes were from the same European backgrounds as the Dohners. Our maternal grandfather, Moses Dohner was a minister of what we know as the German Reformed church as was also our paternal grandfather, David Hoke. The Brethren, the Swiss Brethren, the Mennonites, the Amish, the German Baptist, the German Reformed, all had so much in common and intermingled so closely that it is often difficult to distinguish church lines when we begin research into family history.

The Hoke families lived alongside the Dohner families for years. The children played together. The men worked together in the harvest, in clearing new land, in barn raising and in other tasks where combined

efforts were needed. The women enjoyed the occasional coveted chance of hearing news beyond their own hearths, when they met for a schnitzing bee or a quilting party. The young folks looked forward to the crisp, frosty autumn evenings when the shocks of corn were gathered into the large barns and they would have husking bees, where the whole community gathered to work together while enjoying the occasion for social contact.

And then, if the conditions were favorable, the young folks might have the privilege of a three or four month's term of school during the winter when work was not so pressing. In those years, life in the foothills of Pennsylvania was a complacent, leisurely, pleasantly homey experience, albeit there was hard work to do. This was the promised land of their deliverance. The second and third generations from those who migrated from Europe became attached nearly as firmly to the soil of the Pennsylvania counties in which they took up residence, as their fathers had been attached to the soil of their native villages in Europe. They were prospering, although not becoming wealthy. They worked hard, but they were content. For their one primary purpose had been realized. They were free to worship and serve God as they understood the Bible to lead them to do.

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## A STRANGE PILGRIMAGE

One morning rather early in the spring of 1850, a moving family scene was taking place along Schnitz Creek. The Moses Dohner home was in a wistful mood. Habitual family prayers had much more of pungent feeling. The chores were lighter. Appetites for breakfast were not quite as sharp as usual. For father was leaving on a long, dangerous journey.

His brother, John Dohner, lived in that far-away wilderness of Ohio. Occasionally letters came from him. He was much taken up with the new country in which he with his family was pioneering. There seemed to be many advantages in this wild western country, because it was already becoming more crowded in Pennsylvania and there were social pressures such as had caused the fathers to flee from Europe.

But in the Ohio country there were great hardships, too. The land must be cleared of the dense, tall virgin forests and broken for cultivation. That was hard work, for the trees must all be felled by hand with axe and crosscut saw, and the rest of the breaking must be done by pickaxe and rather crude plows drawn by oxen.

And there was always the fear of hostile Indians, repeatedly prodded by new incursions of westward moving caravans of settlers. It was a dangerous country yet. And further than that, there was not always too plentiful food. The first years it was difficult to clear enough land to raise enough for the sustenance of the family and their livestock.

But there were such great advantages in the new Ohio country that Uncle John Dohner would not change his situation if he could. Here was the unfettered freedom for which many generations of our an-

cestors in Europe had wistfully hoped. Here was no one to interfere with the cherished faith and convictions which were always the primary consideration in our long lineage of freedom-loving men and women. But even in this highly-cherished privilege in the wild Ohio woods, there was also a great disadvantage. There was very little opportunity to fellowship with others of similar faith, little encouragement in the things of God from any human source.

And so, along Schnitz Creek earnest family counsels had been held in the long winter evenings. Father Dohner felt a continuing and deepening concern to visit his brother and his brother's family to impart to them some spiritual gift. Finally it was decided. He felt that it was the clear call of God. He must go.

The days fairly flew by, then. For they were busy days of preparation. Besides getting the spring work finished before leaving, careful preparations for the journey must be made. There was no luxurious train to carry him to Ohio. Even the stage-coach was far too expensive for the family's limited budget. Father Dohner was preparing to ride horseback over those six hundred miles of trails. That was far more of a journey than it would be for us to go to China today.

We know very little of the actual episodes of that great adventure. We can imagine the tugging heart-strings as he kissed his family goodbye and started his horse down the lane and around the bend of the road toward the old stone mill, and so out of sight. In his saddlebags were a few extra clothes and a bit of lunch for the first days. He would depend on staying at the homes of settlers scattered along the way. But as he went farther west, these stopping places were fewer

and farther between. Were there nights in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania when he slept under the stars with his faithful but tiring horse tethered nearby? Were there nights when the great prowling panthers were his only hosts? We do not know.

But we do know his mission was a conviction that he should bring spiritual encouragement to the scattered brethren beyond these almost trailless mountains. And the Heavenly Father kept a jealous, sleepless eye on His faithful servant.

After days and weeks in the saddle, (how long we do not know certainly, but it was probably about six weeks) father Dohner finally arrived at the pioneer homestead of his brother John, located just back of the present site of the Highland church. Of course there was no church there at that time, nor for many years after. There was only great, dense woods, with a winding trail somewhere near the present course of the road.

Here he spent some time (again we do not know how long). From his brother John's home, he made little excursions to the few brethren of the faith scattered widely over this section. For father Dohner was first a preacher, a servant of the Lord. It was in line of duty that he was preaching on Sunday morning, June 4, 1850, to a little group of the brethren and sisters gathered in the home of one of the brethren on what was known as the Kreitzer Farm, one mile south of Salem, now known as Clayton. He had not spared himself this morning nor at any time since coming to Ohio. He had given his earnest best to encourage and exhort his brethren.

And then they knelt in closing prayer. After the closing prayer they would have a hymn, sung in the

strange hymnody common in those days, and still used among the Amish. But the hymn was never chanted. Father Dohner had just prayed the words enjoined by Jesus "The harvest is great and the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." His last words were, "Send forth laborers into Thy harvest". And he dropped dead on his knees there in the closing prayer. (June 4, 1850, aged 42 years, 8 days.)

It was six weeks until the family received the word of his death. Mail went by slow stage-coach. Before the shocked family knew of his passing, his body was already mouldering in the earth beside three other graves in the corner of the woods on his brother John's farm. His was the fourth grave in what is now the Highland Cemetery. His horse and saddle were sold to pay the funeral expenses. Very likely the funeral service was held in the open under the trees of the forest still surrounding this rustic little family burying ground. For we know that in those early days funerals often were held in this manner. There were very few Church houses at that time in this section, and probably none very near.

And a grief-stricken, fatherless family along Schnitz Creek might be forgiven if they were tempted to wonder why God had permitted this.

But God's ways are not our ways neither are His thoughts, our thoughts. To some on first thought it might seem that it was a mistake for Father Dohner to attempt such a journey. It might appear that God was not pleased with his sacrifice. It might look to unbelievers as if it was a tragedy, leaving a family at home to go on a preaching mission into the wilder-

ness. Mother Dohner (my maternal grandmother) was left with seven children of whom the oldest was only sixteen years. And they had one hundred and sixty acres of land to farm, the chores to do, and hungry mouths to feed. It was a very heavy burden for grandmother Dohner.

My mother (Mary Dohner Hoke) was the oldest of the children, not quite sixteen years of age. Not much in the way of help was to be expected from these children in the caring for the farm.

But the Lord provided, as He promises He will do. The family just across the way, on the adjoining farm, had a boy of fifteen summers. David Hoke had seven boys. So he could spare young Jerry, the youngest, fifteen years of age, to go across the fields every day to help widow Dohner in her sore distress. Jerry cared for the stock and did the chores for about four years. And Jesus promised that a cup of cold water given in His name would not lose its reward.

And so it was that the sweetest, most satisfying of all earthly rewards came to that noble young man Jeremiah (Jerry) Hoke. A beautiful romance budded, then burst into full bloom along Schnitz Creek. When Jerry was nineteen and Mary was twenty, they were married in a quiet, simple wedding ceremony which was the custom in those days.

## WHERE TWO WAYS MET

Mary and Jerry had known each other almost as long as they had known their own families. They had played together before and after church held at the various homes on each Sunday. They had sat across the aisle from one another in the little school house during the winter months when the work was not so heavy. They had worked together to keep the growing family of Mary's widowed mother from coming to want.

And they discovered that they were in love! Just how and when this blissful realization came to them we do not know. But it was so simply natural that we know it could not have been otherwise.

But was it so simple after all? The Dohners had migrated from Germany in 1710. Twenty-four years later the Hokes had left Zweibricken, Germany for the strange, far-off land of promise. Who can say how it was that Michael Dohner and David Hoke chanced to settle on adjoining farms in the rustic hills of Lebanon? Without doubt God had his purpose in bringing together these two pious, courageous, God-fearing family streams. We will doubtless never know the full unfolding of His purpose until we shall know even as also we are known.

It was on July 30, 1854, that Jerry and Mary Hoke sat down at the little table spread for just two in their new home. This was their wedding day. They set up housekeeping in the old homestead close by the Hoke Meeting House. They bought forty acres which lay right across from the old homestead. It was here that Jerry and Mary started life together, just the two of them in the big house. Here they worked and planned

together, worshipped and lived together for twelve years.

They were twelve blessed years. For they were years of devotion to duty, of devotion to their newly founded home, of devotion to their growing family and above all of devotion to God. For Jerry could not be occupied altogether with making a living by farming. He continued to be a mainstay for the widowed mother of Mary, assisting her with the big farm. But things were not quite so difficult now as they had been at first when the family was left fatherless. The children were old enough now to be of real assistance.

And Jerry would not be content only with farming. In the little stone Church on his father's farm, known as the Hoke Meeting House, he began his spiritual ministry. The first winter after his marriage he started a Bible study class there, and also carried on singing classes both in English and in German. This was quite a forward step for that conservative community, made up largely of Mennonites, German Reformed Luthern and other similar peoples who were very slow to accept innovations. While no self-respecting citizen of the community would think of missing Sunday Morning Worship services if he was able to be there, that was about the extent of the religious program.

But this stalwart youth would not be content with the ordinary routine of religious duty as thought of by his neighbors. He had vision and a deep, genuine concern for the spiritual progress of those around him.

And so it was in a spirit of real pioneering that Jerry opened the Bible Study and Singing Classes in the Hoke Meeting House. His mission was not merely

to make a living. He was first of all an architect of lives.

In the farm house kitchen ,where the table was spread for just two, soon another chair was pulled up to the table. Samuel had come to brighten the home—their firstborn. Then followed Clara, Aaron, Levi, Jeremiah, Mary Ann, Anna Mary and Lydia. Plate after plate was added to the lengthening table, chair after chair had to be pulled up. It was a Christian home with the atmosphere of deep contentment. All was going well when one day the hand of death was laid upon this pleasant family scene. Mary Ann was called to another banquet table, to begin the family circle beyond Jordan's banks. They laid her little body in the little grave yard by the Hoke Meeting House.

It was not long after Mary Ann left the family table in Lebanon County until the whole family table with all its chairs was transferred to Ohio. The fuller story of this follows in another chapter. Here we want to give the account of the occupants of that circle, both in Pennsylvania and in Ohio.

After the move to Ohio, Katie took her place in the circle. Then followed Amanda, David, Eli, Alice and George. The table now reached across the living room.

But it was not long before some of the older children began to push their chairs back from the table and looked around for partners to start their own family board. Sam, Clara, and Levi, then Katie and Amanda went off to make homes of their own. While Lydia, Jeremiah, Anna Mary and Alice went to join their sister Mary Ann at the heavenly banquet..

All that were left around the original family table were Pap and Ma, David, Eli, and me, (George). It

was not long before David slipped his chair back, too, then Eli and finally myself. That left Father and Mother all alone, just as they had begun in the farmhouse across from the Hoke Meeting House back in 1854.

Then one cold, frosty morning, March 9, 1907, Father was called to the gathering family circle on the other side. He left without a chance to bid us good bye. He went to sleep the evening before and never awakened in this world. Mother found him dead in bed early the next morning.

That left our dear old Mother alone for a number of years. Then June 21, 1921, Aaron was called Home, the first of those who reached maturity. Mother joined them on the other shore on February 20, 1925. On November 18, 1926, she was followed by Sam. Clara followed on October 6, 1933, Levi on July 23, 1934, David on August 2, 1939, Amanda on July 12, 1944, Eli on May 11, 1947 and Katie on June 6, 1948.

It is now nearly one hundred years since that family was first established. And now there is only one member of the family circle left here to record this story. All the rest are gathered Over There.

But the family stream that sprang up where two ways met rolls on and on. Only the far distant future can record the full significance of the blending of these two godly family lines. There are now recorded over four hundred souls, the offspring of Jeremiah S. and Mary (Dohner) Hoke.

When this account was first being written I discovered that there were two of my first cousins living in Pennsylvania. Now they too are gone and I alone am left of my generation.

## THE HOKE MEETINGHOUSE

There is a most interesting and historical old stone building about 3 miles south of Lebanon on the way to Quentin. This is known as the Hoke Meetinghouse. It stands very near the road which is now a hard-surfaced highway. The old building is in a very good state of preservation in spite of its age. Its walls are solid, hand hewn limestone.

It has a most intriguing story back of it. The little old church stands on the corner of the old homestead of my grandparents, David Hoke and Catherine Snavelly Hoke. It was on this old Hoke homestead where my father, Jeremiah S. Hoke was born and reared. Just across Schnitz Creek, almost adjoining the Hoke farm, is the very old Michael Dohner homestead.

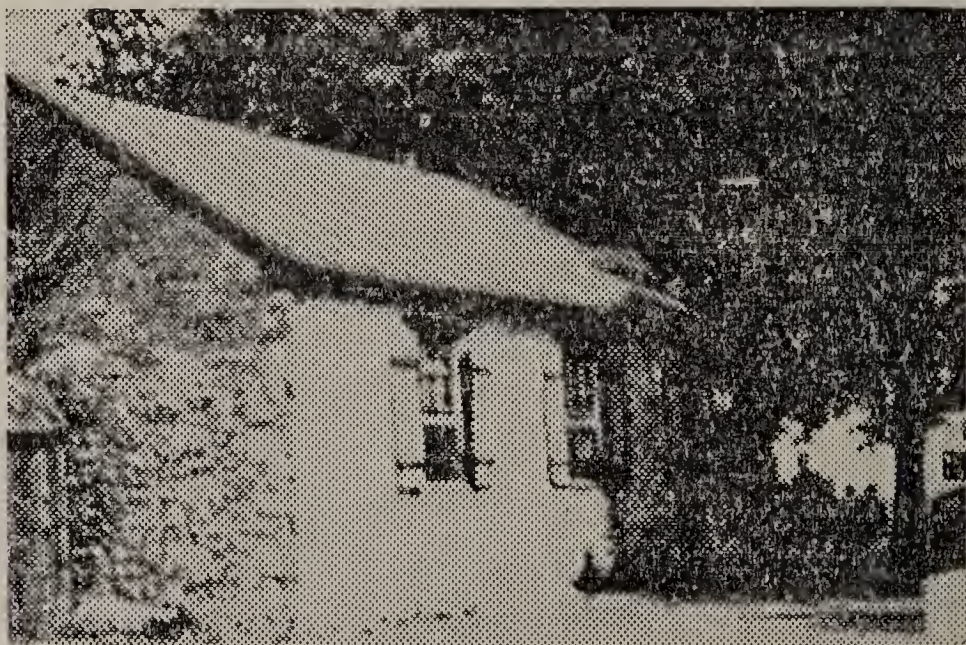
And this is how the little stone church or meetinghouse came to be built there on the corner of the Hoke farm. You know, of course, that many things were different back in the early days than they are now. There have been some improvements in some respects, but in other ways things are worse. You are probably aware that the European people in general seem to know little about the ill effects of drinking alcoholic beverages. And so the most of the early settlers in this country liked their liquors. It was generations before they began to be educated to their harmful effects.

For many years there had been a little grocery store located on the corner of the Hoke farm, where liquors could also be bought. Whether there had at some former time been a little distillery here is open to question. But at any rate, it seemed to be the source of wholesale liquor supply for the surrounding countryside.

One bitterly cold night, when the thermometer dropped below zero, a neighbor came to the little store and bought a gallon of whiskey. Instead of carrying it home in the jug, he tried to get too much inside himself before he got home. He became stupefied, and could not stagger home. He was later found frozen to death in the icy snow.

This grieved my grandfather, David Hoke, so much that he tore down the old shack that housed the liquor store and right on the same spot built a little stone church where the people of the community could worship God.

It was here that my father, Jeremiah, began his ministry. The first year after his marriage, he taught singing school here, conducting classes both in German and English. Although he was not ordained to the ministry until some years later (see next chapter) yet this simple, rustic little meetinghouse can truly be said to be the place of the beginning of his Christian ministry. And the last time Father was in Pennsylvania, he preached here once again, his text on this latter occasion being Romans 1:16.



**"THE HOKE MEETING HOUSE"**

Alongside and back of the church is the old Hoke cemetery. Here all the early Hokes of our ancestry are buried. The gravestones clearly show the burial here of George Hoke, the second. Probably here also lies the body of George Hoke the first. Dates can be traced as far back as 1780 ,but much of the lettering is worn away by the passing years so that it is impossible to read the inscriptions.

How much of rigor toil and tears is hidden in the soil of this old homestead we can never know. One can imagine there were times when they almost regretted having left their home villages in Europe. Maybe some died of hunger, or because of being attacked by the original dwellers of the forest, or perchance even of homesickness. Those are some of the records that are sealed to us. It is for us to show our gratitude to them by making the best use of the things which have come to us through their heartaches.

I was especially happy for the opportunity to attend the Hoke Reunion held at the Hoke Meeting-house on Sunday afternoon. This has been an annual affair for some years. This gave us the rare opportunity to meet many of the cousins of our family who remained behind when Father and Mother moved to Ohio.

From all records, so far as we can determine, our line of the Hokes all the way back to George the first, who with his two brothers migrated from Germany to America, lived in this community. Probably the old Hoke homestead is a part of the original tract of land purchased and cleared by George Hoke the first.

This much is certain: This farm was handed down to my grandfather, David Hoke. It is therefore natural to suppose that it was in the original tract.

## TRANSPLANTED AGAIN

We left the thread of our story temporarily, to trace the fuller record of the family table as it grew and then separated and at last formed in the Better Land. We last found the family comfortably situated in the lovely rolling farmlands of Lebanon County.

It was a beautiful spot in God's great world. The sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch community was congenial. The rigors of wresting a home from the primitive, trackless wastes of "Penns' Woods" was largely a memory of the past. The Hokes were well settled and were prospering.

What then was it that caused Father and Mother Hoke to decide to leave the beautiful hills of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, with their great substantial stone buildings and rich farmlands, with their contentment and security among kinfolk and friends, to come to a new country that was just emerging from the wilderness? And just how did they chance to locate in the beautiful Stillwater Valley on the edge of fertile Miami County, one of the most promising spots in a wide area?

As we look backward across the years, we can see better than they could see then. I do not believe that things just happen. There is a pattern in life. There is a plan for every individual. Whether we discover the fullest unfolding of that pattern all depends on how we allow ourselves to be guided and how we respond to the leadings of our Heavenly Father. If we obey the laws of God and seek the mind of God for our personal lives, we will not miss the blueprint very far.

God uses natural circumstances and events to bring about His design for those who want to follow Him. And so it was that after twelve years of farm-

ing in Pennsylvania, numerous things affected the decision of our father, Jeremiah S. Hoke, to migrate with his family to the West. Undoubtedly there were strong reasons which prompted him to bring his wife and their seven children into the unknown wastes of the West. Our mother had often heard her father Moses Dohner, talk about the new but swiftly developing territory of Ohio. His interest in this virgin land brought him here by horseback across nearly six hundred miles of difficult trails. He had come to preach and to prospect, sixteen years before. The fuller story of this experience is found in a former chapter.

The same pioneering urge which had caused the three Hoke brothers, George, Michael and Andrew, to cross the forbidding seas to establish a new home in the wilderness in 1734, now moved in the veins of the great-grandson of George Hoke (the first) impelling him to cross the rugged mountains into the promising plains of the Ohio valley.

That urge was not alone to seek for more room. It was not primarily to find better means of livelihood. It was not initially to gain greater political or social freedom and advantage. The first consideration throughout our history has been to find the place and circumstance where the will of God can be most closely followed.

The purpose in every case was first to seek for themselves a home where they could rear their family with godly influence; and second, to find a place of worship where no one would try to dictate against their understanding of the will of God. If there was no suitable church home, they established one.

Furthermore, prayers were being answered. The prayer that was on the lips of grandfather as he died

on his knees, was being answered, although perhaps not in the way he anticipated. Often God answers differently than we expect. Grandfather Dohner's oldest daughter, my mother, had a strong and enduring desire to visit her father's grave. Undoubtedly word had come back to Pennsylvania of the very humble and rustic place in which their father's body lay. Most of the time the four graves were overgrown with briars and underbrush. It was only natural that Mary should want to come to Ohio to perform the service of filial devotion.

And yet, was it only natural? Was not the little body of their (then) youngest daughter lying in the Hoke grave yard near their home? Would not a mother's love naturally be stronger than a daughter's devotion?

Doubtless the urge came from the undisclosed purposes of God. It was answering the prayers of the faithful pioneer preacher of sixteen years before. As we further trace the development of the family story in this Western country we will be able to see more clearly how this was the answer to those prayers.

The great and tragic Civil War between the States had just been fought. Only a couple years before, the Southern rebels had been thrusting into the borders of Pennsylvania.

Across the broad bosom of the Susquehanna River at the edge of Lancaster County, murderous conflict had raged. To prevent its intrusion right into the lovely rolling valleys of Lancaster County itself the mile-long bridge at Columbia had been burned.

Naturally, tension had been very strong, throughout the entire area. Men were being pressed into the service even though they did not relish the thought

of murdering their own fellow countrymen. Only those with sufficient wealth to purchase a substitute could be exempted.

The Hokes of Lebanon County, being of Swiss Brethren background, were in conscience opposed to participation in any kind of war. Whether our ancestors were compelled to buy their exemption we have no record. But since it was the common practice we may safely assume as much.

Just as the murderous emotions were beginning to be calmed, the Nation was shocked by the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. Suspicion and bitterness flamed anew. Those were hard years for the simple, God-fearing people in the rolling hills of Lebanon County, and the broader, more gently rolling valleys of Lancaster County. They must have been immeasurably harder for the descendants of the other brother, who had been directly in the path of conflict. But of these other branches of the original tree transplanted from Switzerland, we have no clear record.

In short there was a great pressure of westward migration in this restless time at the close of the Civil War.

The general atmosphere of unrest and economic pressure added to the unfulfilled yearning of my Mother to visit the grave of her father, isolated in an overgrown plot in the corner of a field in Ohio. The least she could do was to keep the weeds cleared from that place of sacred memory. The urge finally became too overpowering. In the early spring of 1866, the homes along Schnitz Creek were buzzing with talk and with activity. For Jeremiah and Mary and their little family were making preparations to move to that far-off wilderness across the Ohio River.

There were many things to look after. It was not an easy, pleasant day's ride in 1866. It would be a long, hard journey, and sinister dangers lurked in the rugged Allegheny Ranges in Western Pennsylvania, in the swift, treacherous rivers which must be crossed and in the great plains of the West which lay beyond.

There was little prospect of their soon returning to the old home in the Lebanon hills, even for a brief visit. Perhaps they would never again see the faces of those who were nearest and dearest. Distance had a forbidding meaning in those days. The great unknown lay beyond the sunset. But it was beckoning, calling, urging. There were heart-warming reports of better opportunities for making a livelihood for the family. There was plenty of land, and the wilderness would yield her bounties to the determined will of a fearless pioneer. And there was the unfinished mission of Father Dohner who had lain for sixteen years in an unkept corner of the field. It was the unmistakable call of the Heavenly Father to the incomplete task. After nearly two decades, God had laid it on the heart of a son-in-law to go to Ohio to take up the unfinished work for which Grandfather Dohner had given his last full measure of devotion. His last prayer was beginning its fulfillment, although unknown to those then being moved by the Spirit of God.

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

As the sting of frost yielded to the balmy breezes from the Maryland East Shore, and blue-eyed violets smiled into the blue sky from the corners of the old rail fences, vieing with exotic clusters of mountain laurel to charm away the somber strains left by long

winter nights, they made sale, and disposed of much of their property. The forty acre tract, which had been purchased was sold. The packing was finished. Wistful goodbyes were said. And they were off in the old Lebanon Rockway Wagon to the Station at Lancaster, or perhaps Harrisburg.

I thought I recalled hearing Father tell how the German Baptists, now known as the Church of the Brethren, were holding their Annual Conference at Bear Creek, four miles west of Dayton, Ohio. For this occasion the railway was extending excursion rates to Ohio. And so Father and Mother with the seven children were able to come to Dayton on the reduced fare. However, research does not show such a conference and so this part of the story is uncertain.

After a visit of a couple months among cousins in Ohio, the Hokes went on to Indiana to find a suitable home. Father worked that season for a man named Herr, near Cambridge City, Indiana, along what is now known as Route 40. There is not much information about this year. But the Indiana location did not seem satisfactory to them, perhaps mostly because Mother wanted to be nearer the burial place of her father.

And so in 1867, they returned to Ohio. Then Father rented the farm which is now known to all the family as the old home place. They rented for two years and then they had opportunity to purchase it in 1869.

It seemed to be exactly what they wanted. Grandfather Dohner's grave was just across the fields, almost within sight. There were no Mennonites right close by. But there was a substantial community of Friends of the old school. In fact, the land between the home

place and West Milton was almost all owned by these sturdy, devout Quakers.

These devout people were of the old original type of Friends, plain, simple, modest in dress and very pious. The women wore the black prayer veiling and bonnet. The men wore broad-brimmed hats. They tried to influence Father to join them. But Father was brought up in the old order Mennonite or Amish and German Reformed atmosphere.

There were also a few scattered families of River-brethren in these parts, later known as Brethren in Christ. There was much more in common with them and so finally the decision was made to join them.

Not long after, when Father was about thirty-five years of age, he was elected to the ministry in their fellowship. He soon became one of their able and active preachers, answering calls from far and near.

Since Father was the only one among the River-brethren in the section who could preach in German, he was in great demand. Many times he was called out of the harvest field or from other pressing work, to preach a funeral. He always held the work of the Church as his first responsibility. His influence reached into a very wide circle.

Sunday Evening

Union O. R. R. #1 May 14 - 1905

To Geo. W. Hoke and family

Dear Son and all, Greeting.

May the grace and Love of God be with you all and abound is my prayer -  
We are all well and all the rest of our family as far as we know, hope this will meet you all enjoying the same blessing David and his family were all here at our place yesterday, Amanda and family And Katie and family were here to day Eli and family were with Amanda over ~~dinner~~  
Katie and family were with us for dinner Sam's were at Carrels for dinner they moved to West Milton last Thursday Levi is at sawing out here in the woods we have wet weather for nearly a week now it was raining more or less every day last night we had a heavy thunder ghest it is raining it is raining now while I am writing  
these lines ground is too wet to work in it

I trust we will have success in collecting it all in, what shall we do with the money if we get it. And if you buy land or take up a homestead be sure that you make choice of a good desirable locality. As Tresslers and the Dohners doing anything toward improving their land. Well I must draw to a close, by stating if you buy that property in Dexter with the intention of making that your home for a year or so then Mother and I may come to N.M. next summer and pay you a visit if God permits us to maintain our reasonable good health and if no other preventing providence, I think if we would go some of our family would go along to see that Southwestern country

God be with you all till we meet again  
Your Father. Jeremiah S. Hoke

## A CENTURY IN SOUTHERN OHIO

As late as 1825, according to the official History of Miami County, the greater part of what is now Union Township, was untamed wilderness claimed as a hunting ground of the red-skinned natives. They had a rather permanent camp along the Stillwater River a little below the present site of West Milton, at the old ford of the River. Another important Indian village was near the present site of Brookville near the old ford on Wolf Creek, in Montgomery County. Naturally, there were no white settlements at those points at that time. In 1795, General Anthony Wayne made a treaty with the Indians at Fort Greenville.

The first settlement was made at the mouth of the Mad River, now Dayton, in 1796. In 1800, it contained less than a score of houses. Only eight years prior to that Cincinnati had its first settlement. Ohio was given Statehood in 1802. The first bank was established at Cincinnati in 1807 and the first banking business in Dayton in 1814. And the bank was opened at Piqua in 1847.

The first white settlers' cabin in what is now Union Township, was built in 1801.

The first schools in the Township were held at the West Branch Church from 1808 to 1832. The first public schools were organized in Piqua in 1850.

According to information given in clippings from a County map printed in the year 1850, the population of West Milton, Ohio, was 398 of whom 201 were male and 194 female, with 3 colored.

The woolen mills were just back of where the Sportsman's Inn now stands. The owner was Samuel Mills. I can well remember my mother's going there to get skeins of woolen yarn with which to knit stock-

ings. Enos Hoffman had a tannery near by. Henry Brown made boots and shoes. There Father would get his shoes and little red top boots for his boys. Enos Mote was the carriage manufacturer, which business later was owned by Willoughby and King. That is where in later years we bought our surries and buggies.

On the road leading east from where the Brumbaugh Locker now stands was Harper's Saw Mill. On this road was the ford where they crossed the river. There were no bridges in those days. It was near here the old Indian encampment had been located.

Potsdam which is now known as New Lebanon, was first named Georgetown after George Ammons who owned all the town and all the farmland surrounding. He had a rather large mercantile store there. The town consisted of eight houses on the crossroads. There were only a few buildings at Laura, at the old location. After the railroad was put through the town was relocated.

Miami County was organized in 1820. At that time the population was 8,851; in 1830 it was 12,807; in 1840 it was 19,688; in 1850 it was 24,999; and in 1860 it was 29,959. So you see the new territory was growing very swiftly when Father and Mother settled here in 1866. But this country was very rugged and primitive yet.

One of the important factors in the development of Ohio was the building of the Ohio and Erie Canal System which connected the river courses flowing southward into the Ohio River, with the rivers emptying into the Great Lakes chain at Lake Erie. Some of the river courses had to be deepened. A new channel had to be cut over many miles where it was impractic-

able to use the river channels. This was a gigantic engineering feat for those times.

I saw some of the giant stones of the old locks in Dayton being removed when I was on the road for the State. Imagine building an artificial water link between Toledo along Lake Erie and Cincinnati, along the Ohio River, most of the work being done by hand and transportation furnished by the slow moving oxen.

Canal boats were drawn along these waterways by mules, tugging at long ropes which extended from the boats to their beaten tow-path along the banks of the canal. The packet boat was scheduled to travel at four miles per hour. These waterways were the only route for moving heavy cargoes.

The Ohio and Erie Canal system was a major factor in the opening of this western country. And it vitally affected the lives and destinies of the Hokes of Ohio. For it was the connecting link with Lebanon and Lancaster Counties in Pennsylvania and the route over which Father Hoke shipped the many Rockway wagons which were a lucrative source of his income. I have in my possession a freight bill for Rockway buggies, spring wagons, and farm wagons known as Linch Pin Wagons, which Father Hoke had shipped from Lebanon, Pennsylvania. These came by way of the Ohio River to Cincinnati. There they were transferred to canal boats and shipped up the Miami River and the Erie Canal to Dayton. There they were transferred again to the Little Miami Railroad which was known as the narrow gauge. They were put off at the County Line Station or Needmore as it became known, right at the corner of our farm.

We had two of these wagons on the farm when Father quit farming. And we still have here on the

farm the old sleigh which Father had sent from Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

It was a long while before there was any need for our modern superhighways. In 1902 Packard had the record of building the first automobile. I well remember the first auto which I ever saw. It was in Dayton when I was a very small lad.

Brother Sam owned the first auto in the Hoke family. I well remember how they drove it from Gen. Karn, Indiana where they were living for a few years, to attend the reunion at the home of sister Katie in Englewood, Ohio. That was a long, hard trip for 1912. It was the only auto present at the reunion. All the rest of the family had come with their horses and buggies. Now it would likely be impossible to find a horse and buggy anywhere among the whole family. All this change has taken place in thirty-five to forty years.

The first road (if indeed we may call it a road) in this section was a military road opened by General Wayne over the rout of the main Indian trails. It led from Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) to Fort Greenville, for many years an outpost of the protective chain of log forts which served as protection against outbreaks of the redman. Later the route extended to Fort Recovery and on to Fort Wayne and the threshold of the vast new West. This trail crossed Wolf Creek near what is now Brookville. And so we see how the earliest lifeline ran about four or five miles west of the old Hoke Homestead.

The great National Road from Cumberland, Maryland to St. Louis, Missouri was the first overland route sponsored by the United States Government. It was extended into Ohio in 1825, reaching Springfield

in 1837. Not until nearly a century later was it hard-surfaced in this section. Nevertheless, in those early days it was a vital link with the East. People came north from as far as Tennessee to travel by carriage in the comparative comfort of its improved surface. This was one of the most important of the early lifelines of the young nation, facilitating communications between East and West. And it must be remarked that it extended within about five miles of the old Hoke Homestead.

In 1818, the first stage-coach service was introduced between Cincinnati and Dayton. The first train from Cincinnati to Dayton was an excursion run on September 13, 1851. No one had apparently yet dreamed of the great transcontinental trunk railway lines in 1850. Railroads were local affairs branching out from centers scattered here and there and with very poor connections with other neighboring systems. For example, in the 1830's, all stock carried in the Dayton stores came from New York. It was shipped up the Hudson River to the Erie Canal thence to Lake Erie and transshipped by Lake Steamer to the head of the Ohio and Erie Canal. Through this canal system it finally reached Dayton. The first railroad connection of Dayton was with Springfield in 1849. Within a year there were four others. In those early days they drove by carriage to Xenia to take the train to New York.

Then came the narrow gauge railroad, from Dayton northward through Miami County in 1880. As a consequence of both the railway and the electric tracks coming up along the rim of the Stillwater River Valley, this line of villages grew rapidly and became much more important. Providence has so strangely moulded

our family history! Who could explain how it was that Father Hoke settled on the farm along the County Line right at the place where the railroad later came through? In fact the station stop was right at the corner of the farm. We might have been located far from the main arteries of commerce. Consequently, Father would likely never have succeeded financially as he did.

As an interesting side light, I remember hearing my parents discuss how, when the railroad agents were taking surveys and making plans to bring a railroad into this section people protested. They feared that the great iron trains, rushing along the countryside at fifteen or twenty miles an hour would mean havoc to horses and other livestock as well as to humans. And now, men are traveling faster than the speed of sound!

When Father first came to Ohio, there were very few industries. Whatever could not be made at home must be shipped from the East. Reference has been made to his very lucrative business in Rockway Buggies, and Linch Pin Wagons. He carried on this trade for many years after he brought his family to Ohio. It was a source of income for the support of his growing family.

A word of explanation should be made about the Linch Pin Wagon for most of the generation now living does not know what we are talking about. The wagon was built with good, select hickory axles. Over the end of the axle a steel plate was fitted which held the wheel on the axle. Through the steel plate there was a square hole, which also extended into the hickory spindle. A square pin about the size of a small railroad spike was driven into the hole to hold the plate which in turn held the wheel in place. This was

called the linch pin. You can see how far we have progressed since. Father had two of these wagons on the farm, still in use ,when he quit farming, so you know they were well made.

The only axle grease we had in those days was tar. There was a tar bucket hung on the axle under the wagon bed. Every so often we would have to take the paddle and daub some tar on the axles so they would not wear more than could be prevented.

The roads in those days were very poor. Most of them were not graded at all, only trails through the timber. Most of the residents worked off a good share of their road tax by grading and hauling gravel for the dirt roads. This was also done by very crude methods. Hand dump scoops drawn by teams were about the only tools except shovels, spades, pickaxes and other hand tools, It was slow, hard work building better roads.

Then the gravel was shoveled on the wagons by hand and hauled, sometimes a number of miles, to the road which was being built or improved. It was years later before any of our roads were covered with concrete or otherwise hard-surfaced. The present generation rides swiftly and smoothly over level, smooth, hard surfaced roads, little realizing what it cost their grandfathers to make those roads possible.

The same may be said of many other lines of development. We little realize today how much of arduous toil was required to clear the virgin forests from this country and prepare it for cultivation. We must always remember that they were not working with power machinery in those days. It was plain, hard physical labor that accomplished the task.

And from their toil was born a love for the soil

which has passed on from generation to generation.

Mention was made in the preceding chapter that this immediate vicinity was settled largely by the Friends or Quakers. They came here from Georgia and the Carolinas largely because of the slavery issue. In 1787, Congress had passed an ordinance forever prohibiting slavery in the Northwest Territory. Land was early sold by the Government at \$2.00 per acre and only by sections. Later the price was reduced as was also the acreage to quarter-sections. Many of the Quakers were men of means and so they acquired large tracts of land in the new country.

I have the original deed signed by President Adams, given to John Mote who took up all the land from what is now the Montgomery-Miami County Line, to West Milton. The date of this deed is 1812. This was a center for a large Quaker settlement.

Soon after the new communities were settled the building of places of worship was also begun, keeping steady pace with the westward push of pioneers. At first, of course, worship was held in the homes of the widely scattered community. When the first church buildings were constructed often they would be used by several different groups. The people being as widely scattered as they were, it was not unusual for folks to walk or ride horseback for many miles to attend church.

According to information at hand the first church houses were built in this section soon after the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Dunkard Brethren built south of Brookville in 1808. The Indian Camp was still there. This was known as the Bethel Church and was built of logs. Four groups used it for wor-

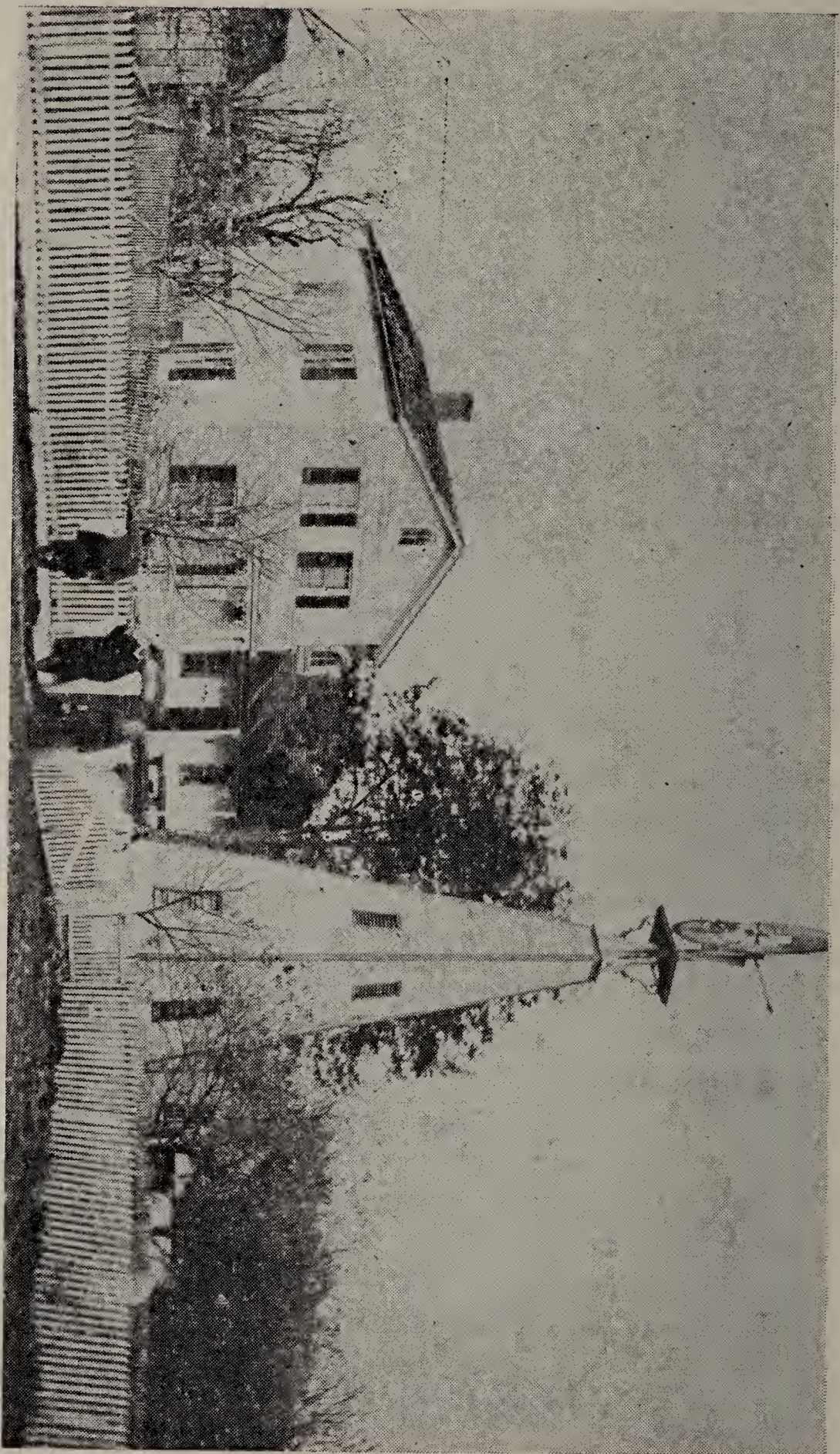
ship: The Brethren, the English Lutherans, the Methodists and the Reformed.

In Union Township, Miami County the earliest church houses were Quaker. West Branch Friend's Church was probably the first in this immediate vicinity. It was a large house, divided into two sections, one for the men, the other for women. The women dressed very plainly, wearing the black prayer veiling and black bonnets, long black shawls and plain colored dresses with aprons.

In the adjoining cemetery there are stones dating back to 1750. Others have no markings, just a plain stone slab, as they had no way to cut stone in those days.

As in most pioneer communities, this church house was used by different groups until one by one they built places of worship for themselves.

If only we could recapture the stories of those early years, we would find them more interesting than fiction and more thrilling than modern movies. They cleared the forests, fought the wild beasts, were haunted by hostile Indians, broke the soil and planted it, built log cabins for their homes, churches in which to worship and schools in which to study. They came into the new country with axe, plow and rifle. But they also carried with them the Bible in their hand and the fear and love of God in their hearts. When they had selected a place for a settlement, the sound of their axes cutting away the great forests could not drown the sound of their voices in praise and prayer at their hearthsides. This is the foundation and fibre of nearly every toilsome foot of the New World.



The Hoke Homestead as it was when the Family was growing up. In the picture can be seen Father, Eli, Amanda and Mother is peeking from behind the windmill. The old bake oven is at extreme right.

## INTERESTING TIMES AT THE OLD HOME

Evenings on the old farm were not spent in running hither and thither. They were spent in the family circle. Usually we were so tired from a hard day's work that we were only too glad to get to bed soon after supper was finished.

But, oh! how we enjoyed those suppers Mother prepared for us! One of the regular standby menus was corn mush cooked in the old iron kettle. Even those snacks after school could not diminish our robust young appetites. I remember how when we came home from school with our disappointments and griefs, Mother would give us a slice of home-made bread with a piece of meat on it, taken from the old corner cupboard, and tell us to go and play. All sorrow was soon forgotten.

But occasionally we had a real treat, when some one of the neighboring families would come in and visit with Father and Mother. It was especially interesting if there were children with whom we could play.

But it was nearly as interesting to listen to some of the stories told by those early settlers. I remember many of the tales of the hardships through which they had to go. One of the settlers was John Stoltz, then nearly ninety years old. This was a strong Quaker settlement in those early days. John Stoltz was a Quaker. With ears and eyes and whole body quivering with eager attention, I remember how I listened to his stories of the wild days when he was a young man. Here is a sample of one of his experiences.

One cold wintry day, probably sometime before Grandfather Dohner's coming to Ohio, Mr. Stoltz, a Quaker preacher, rode horseback from the homestead

right near our farm, a distance of about fifteen miles, to a little trading post. Mr. Stoltz was delayed in returning, and the bitter cold of night settled down. The temperature dropped to zero. It became most difficult to find his way through the dense woods, all covered by deep snows. The only trail was the markings on the trees, blazing, it was called. It was about nine to ten o'clock at night, when he was carefully wending his way through the dark timber. Suddenly his horse stopped dead in his tracks quivering with fear. The faithful beast would have bolted for his life if Mr. Stoltz had not held a tight rein on him.

Looking intently into the black shadows of the forest he could see two bright lights glaring at him only a short distance away. The horse became more and more terrified. The glaring lights were looking straight at him and seemed to be coming closer, stealthily, slowly creeping upon them.

Being a good Quaker, John Stoltz would not move until the Spirit moved him. Just then a small rabbit ran across the trail between him and the lights, and both quickly disappeared into the dense underbrush.

Then the sturdy Quaker realized it was a large woods panther. He spurred his horse and galloped as hard as he could ride to his homestead which was not far away. He leaped from his saddle, flung open the stable door, hurried his horse inside, and slammed the door shut again. It was just in time. For the great, blood-thirsty panther was at the door clawing to get in before it was fairly locked.

Is it any wonder that we did not need to go anywhere else to seek entertainment and thrills when our old neighbors would entertain us with such stories as these?

Father and Mother told how in the early days in Pennsylvania, they had apple peelings. Neighbors would all gather in to peel apples for drying. Since grandfather Hoke had a drier on his farm they would come to the Hoke homestead for apple "schnitzing".

It was on one such occasion when they had had a big "peeling". A man by the name of Kreider got his dried apples, putting them into a long bolster slip.

(Probably many of the younger generation do not know what a bolster slip is. Well, in earlier days they had long pilows reaching all the way across their large bedsteads. The slip cover, called a bolster slip, was a very long, narrow bag-like affair.)

Well, this man Kreider put his dried apples into a bolster slip, threw it over the saddle horn on his horse and then flung himself into the saddle and started home. Instead of going around by the road he took a shortcut, riding up the creek.

He hadn't gone far when, riding under the low-hanging limb of a tree, the bolster slip was snagged. All the dried apples (schnitz) went floating down the creek. Ever after it was called Schnitz Creek.

(Schnitz is the Dutch for dried apple cuttings.)

It is hard for us to realize that this was the condition of things only a little over a hundred years ago.

It was common practice when we were children at home to have neighborhood gatherings or "bees" for threshing, for corn husking, for cider making and apple butter boiling, for barn raisings and other similar projects. People worked together, helping one another. Besides getting the work finished more quickly and more easily it was the main social life of the pioneer days. What fun the young folks had in those days of toiling together! What satisfaction to their

elders, not only to see the work done more rapidly and easily than if each worked alone, but also to know that their young folks were in a wholesome environment. Those interesting evenings around the fireside made the toil of the days a bit more endurable.

When my Father came to Ohio his neighbors were old settlers, pioneers who had cut a home out of a vast wilderness. There was Enos Pemberton, Tommy Jay, Linas Mote who joined our farm to the north, Isaac Shellabarger, Newton Shellabarger, Smith Gregg, Laban Harley, and Isaac Becker. It was this latter who sawed all the big timbers used in the big bank barn on the old Hoke homestead. His mill was run by water power and the saw was a big awkward perpendicular affair.

At that time all the west end of our farm was in timber. I remember when I was probably about four or five years old, Katie and Mandy fixed me up in my first pair of home made pants, with home made suspenders over my shoulders. I slipped away with my dog to the woods where Pap, Aaron and Levi were cutting down the last oak that stood on the little ridge at the extreme west end.

When father moved to the home place, there was a log frame house standing here. It consisted of two rooms downstairs and the upstairs. In 1872, three years after buying the farm, the old log house standing at the corner of the main log-frame house, was torn down and an addition was built to the log frame house. This was the old home which housed so many sacred memories. It stood thus until the tragic fire of May 10, 1932.

The year following the remodeling of the house, in 1873, father built the barn which is standing at this

writing. A lot of hard work went into those sturdy buildings. They were built of real timbers such as are practically unknown today. It was largely hand work.

Fences were built of rails, all split by hand. Historians make much about Abraham Lincoln being a rail-splitter. When we were boys at home, with Pap we split rails for our fences. Some of those rails were walnut, some of the best timber that ever stood. Such logs as we split up for rail fences would be worth a fortune if we had them now.

You can easily see that the methods of wresting a home out of the claws of the wild west when Father Hoke came to Ohio, were not far different from the methods used by his great-grandfather when he came from Europe to establish a home in "Penns' Woods" in 1734. Changes had been very slow. They had only handmade tools to do their hard pioneering work—tools made mostly from wood.

I have heard my Mother tell how she used the sickle to reap the grain. She spun her own yarn from the flax they themselves raised, and made all the clothing for her entire family by hand. There were no sewing machines in those days, to say nothing of sewing factories. I can still remember seeing Mother sit and knit stockings and mittens for us. We always had good firm wool socks to wear, which were knitted by our Mother's hands.

I can remember when Father used the old type reaper to cut all his grain and hay. It was a rather awkward looking machine with a cutting bar and a reel that revolved, throwing the grain into a platform. Then one person would ride along and rake the grain off in bunches. A little later a self-rake was invented. It was an arrangement by which the machine would

rake the grain off the platform in bundles. My Father used a self-rake to harvest all his grain until he bought his first binder about 1885. We boys would make a tie from a handful of rye straw and would tie the grain in bundles and then would shock it in neat shocks standing in rows through the field. After curing the shocks for ten days or two weeks, we would take the team and wagon and haul the sheaves to the large barn. We would pile them into the barn almost to the rafters where they would cure more fully before they were ready to thresh.

We did not have combines in those days nor even the later type of threshing machine. The chaff piler was run by horse power. The horses were hitched to a turntable where they would go around and around furnishing the power. The threshing machine had no straw carrier—only a cylinder and separator screens. The straw was moved by hand or dragged away by a horse hitched to a long pole.

Our first self binder was a "Walter Wood" single apron. That was about the year 1885. It cost about \$75.00—a very large sum of money for those days, when a man's wage was about seventy-five cents to a dollar a day.

Father farmed around two hundred acres at that time with the help of his boys and girls. In the fall the corn was cut by hand, and put in shocks. When it was dried, we laid the shocks down on the ground and husked the ears by hand, throwing the corn into piles. Then we would place the fodder again into larger shocks. We would get the team and wagon and drive along rows of golden heaps of corn, throwing them one by one into the wagon box. Then we would shovel off the load of corn, into the large corn

crib at the end of the big bank barn, along side of the old wagon shed.

We boys could not start to school in the fall until the corn was all in the crib. We always had rye straw with which to tie up the fodder. We had no twine in those days. The rye was cradled by hand and flailed out by hand. We would take a big bundle of rye straw, dampen it and take it with us to the corn field. With a small bunch of rye straw in each hand we would make a double tie, then twist the band so as to stiffen the tie. It is impossible to explain the process for you on paper. But if you would give me a little bunch of rye straw I believe I could still show you how it is done, much more easily than I can try to write about it.

Then there were a few weeks or months of school before we had to get wood cut and everything ready for sugar camp. Some of us did not allow the little red school-house and the strict "school marm" to interfere too much with our education.

There was no compulsory school attendance. The few weeks that we were privileged to attend, we went to old Number Twelve. It was located west of the Highland corners. It has since been remodeled for a dwelling house. We would walk across fields, climbing rail fences, pushing through underbrush, wading mud or snow to get to school and to get home again. One of the things which I cannot quite reconcile with the other characteristics of my Father was the lack of concern about our getting an education. He never insisted on our going to school.

And even when we did get to school for a few weeks a great part of our interest was in having a good time with the other children. I could entertain you with some interesting incidents! Small wonder

those early teachers had to pound an education into us with a big strong paddle! Reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling were about the whole course of study. In the upper grades they taught some history and physiology.

Come March and it was sugar-water time. There was a large grove of hard (sugar) maples in the woods at the west end of our farm, numbering about 400 trees.

When the first thaws began and the sugar water started to rise in the trees, we would drill a hole through the bark on the trunk of the tree about eighteen inches above the ground. Into this was driven a hollow plug through which the water could run into a sap pail hung from the plug. Each morning while sugar water was running we would take a sled or mud boat with a big wooden barrel (hogs-head) mounted on it and drawn by a team of horses would make the rounds of all the sugar maples. The pails were emptied into the barrel. Then when the barrel was full we would pull it to the sugar camp where a long shallow pan was set upon a brick furnace, all under a little shack for shelter from the wintry weather. We would boil the sugar water until it was the right thickness for preserving and for using. This required keeping the log fire in the crude furnace going day and night during those weeks.

How well I remember the regular annual visits of Aunt Anna Hitz. She would come to Ohio each summer for an extended visit. One morning early in that visit she with Mother would go to their father's grave across the fields. Eli and I would hitch the horse to the spring wagon. We would pile in our grubbing hoes and go over to the rustic little cemetery by the winding trail. There we would work hard to cut

down the bushes and the briars, clearing up the little plot and planted flowers on Grandfather Dohner's grave.

We lived only a short distance across the fields. But they would prepare a lunch basket, for we would be there nearly all day to complete the tender duty of cleaning up the plot and repairing the rail fence which protected it.

Little did anyone dream in those days that there would ever be a nice large church alongside a well-kept, large cemetery there. The road was a mud lane, not much more than a cow-path winding by a few graves at a corner of a woods and a field, uncared for excepting once or twice a year.

Those were hard years. And there was more of tender remembrance in that hard day's task of grubbing and cleaning up, than there is in the scarcely-noticed tax paid for the constant care which those same graves now receive.

One rather humorous yet revealing incident which I remember was when Father offered a pig to Levi if he would talk English to Mother so that she would learn English. Levi was the only one of the family who attempted to talk English with Mother. And of course he had good reasons!

## PIONEER BANKING

When father and mother settled on the County Line road the nearest place of money exchange was at Dayton. Having no means of travel except by horse, the trip was not made as easily nor as often as today.

So the early settlers developed their own necessary means of carrying on borrowing and lending. My Father was known as the farm loan man. He made many mortgage farm loans, apparently investing money for relatives and friends in Pennsylvania. Since there were no banks near, he made his own mortgages and handled his own money. I can well remember seeing him count out his money, having it ready at anytime someone would come for a loan.

In other words, Father operated what amounted to a little banking business of his own from our old farm home. His strong vault was a secret place somewhere in the basement, known only to himself. We have his farm loan record book. In no case did he need to foreclose a mortgage. So far as we know he never lost a loan. That is a pretty fair banking record.

I well remember the first telephone in our community. Charlie Emerick was then a young man, and very energetic. He organized what was known as the Acme Telephone Company. They began building their line from Ludlow Falls to West Milton. Charlie needed some cash so he came to Father to borrow \$1000.00. Father had the money and he let Charlie have it on the strength of his acquaintance with Charlie's father, Abraham. Father did not ask the purpose for which it was being borrowed, or just what he intended to do with it.

But when, a little later, Father got word of what Charlie Emerick was doing, and where he was spending his money, Father became very uneasy. Finally he sent for Mr. Emerick to call on him. He wanted to know just what security he had for the \$1000.00.

So Charlie made a proposal. He offered to get Father his money if he would throw off the interest. Father was very glad to get out of the deal so easily, for he felt that the telephone would never be a success. So you can see how far things have changed in one short lifetime. There is hardly anyone now who does not use a telephone frequently or almost continually.

Through hard work and honest dealings Father made himself financially independent. And he bequeathed to his family, not a financial fortune but a formula for success by way of example. Honesty, hard work and frugality coupled with progressive vision of the needs and possibilities in a rapidly growing and changing community, but tempered with a carefulness not to invest in untried ventures—these are the elements constituting financial success.

## RED LETTER DAYS

Would you like to go along with me back over the trail of memory, to some significant days in my early childhood? Use your imagination a bit and I will try to reconstruct a little from the gossamer web of the memory of those bygone days which seem like golden dreams.

Father was elected to the Ministry in the Brethren in Christ Church, better known then as River Brethren, at about thirty-five years of age, which was about twenty years after the death of Grandfather Dohner. He soon became very active in his spiritual work. There were only a few families in the Church in this section at that time. But they were rather widely scattered, especially when you consider the very poor roads, not much more than trails in many places. And you must also remember that the only way of travel was by horse and buggy, or on horseback, or on foot.

Father was called to preach at all points of the Brotherhood in this section. We often traveled from ten to thirty miles by horse-drawn carriage for the weekend services of which Father would have charge. The older brothers and sisters would be left to take care of the home and the farm while of course the baby must be taken along. Many times we would be driving most of the day on the way to the meeting, and it would take as long on the road again coming home. For a small boy who was as active and "fidgety" as I was, that was quite an ordeal, especially since it was almost every weekend.

As we drove along, hour after hour, the conversation of Father and Mother was necessarily within my

hearing. There were many things which will remain locked up in my memory.

Father often led the Saturday evening meeting and preached on Sunday. Of course there were no church houses in those days. Services were held in the homes of the different members. As members increased and on special occasions such as Love Feasts, the services were held in a barn.

We would usually arrive at the place of the meeting around three or four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Many of the members began to arrive at about the same time. Those from a distance came for supper, and were also there for breakfast and dinner on Sunday. It was not uncommon to arrange for as many as fifteen or twenty for supper and as many for dinner on Sunday after the preaching services.

Let me describe for you, as well as I can, one Saturday at our place on the Old Home Farm. It was in the fall of the year. David, Eli and myself were working in the field south of the barn. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, Father called to us and ordered us to feed the horses and turn them out to pasture in the woods so that we could make room in the stables in the large bank barn for the horses of the members who would be here in a few minutes.

Sure enough, around five o'clock they began to come and by six or seven o'clock every stall was filled and there was no more room to put them.

While David, Eli and I were busy taking care of the horses, father and mother met the brethren and sisters and greeted them. Such joy as there was in those greetings! The hallowed memory of those occasions will never leave me, even though I should live to be a hundred years old. There was love between them

in those olden days—real love. Certainly the Scripture was proved true which says, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” I often yearn for a repetition of that kind of scene in this day.

On Saturday morning when the meeting was to be held at our place, everyone from the oldest to the youngest was up at daybreak. While David and Eli would feed the horses and the cows, I would hike to the pature to fetch them in. I can almost feel the cool, stimulating freshness of the pure, sparkling dew as it bathed the tingling feet and legs of that barefoot boy on a crisp early fall morning along the path to the old woods pasture.

With Katie, Amanda, David, Eli and myself, the milking of ten or fifteen cows, the feeding of the hogs, (usually fifty to a hundred head) and the currying and harnessing of the six or eight head of horses was finished by sunrise. Then the breakfast bell rang. That old bell never sounded so clear and sweet as it did in those early mornings.

And what a breakfast! It makes my mouth water yet to think of those great big skilletts full of eggs flanked with great slices of the best country-cured ham, and eaten with plenty of fried mush or big pancakes, with our own homemade maple syrup, or molasses. Our plates would literally swim with the sweets! No weak little half-baked breakfasts for such healthy appetites as we developed by working in those early dewy hours!

Yes, there was hard work, taking care of our one hundred acres, all by old fashioned hand methods. We often were very tired and like boys will do, we sometimes complained. But to sit up to a table like that,



The Jeremiah S. Hoke farm home located along the Miami-Montgomery County Line Road about  
four miles southwest of West Milton, Ohio.

made up for all the fatigue, the aches and the pains.

Often breakfast was over before the sun was up. Father believed in the old proverb by Benjamin Franklin, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

I am especially grateful that I cannot remember the time when Father did not call the family together each day for family worship. Many people today scarcely know what we mean by the term. So let me describe for you those golden moments spent together as a family.

After the breakfast was ready, Mother would push it to the back of the stove and we would all settle down for our devotions. Father usually did the reading of the Scripture. Then one of the family would lead in prayer. All took their turns when they were old enough. I fancy I can still hear Mother's voice as she prayed in German, so often using these words: "Gutis Brinley Herr wasser de Villie Au man". Which is freely interpreted: "God supply us with living water from the spring which is full to overflowing". Family worship ended with all joining in the Lord's Prayer.

Always there was a prayer of thanks before meals. Often the family would join in the Hymn. "Be present at our table, Lord, Be here and everywhere adored; These mercies bless and grant that we, May feast in Paradise with Thee".

Breakfast over, Mother would say to Eli and me, "Now you must go to the woods and get a wheel barrow load of limb wood and make a good big fire in the bake-oven. We must bake bread and pies and cookies, as the brethren and sisters are coming."

The old brick bake-oven stood just outside the summer kitchen. By the time we had hauled the wood

and started the fire and had the old bake-oven good and hot, Mother and the girls would have the bread made into loaves and ready to go into the bake-oven. Often there were fifteen to twenty-five loaves of bread, besides twenty or twenty-five pies and a whole yard can of cookies. The bread had been kneaded the evening before and had been left to "raise" over night. The pies and cookies were mixed and rolled then cut out and put into pans while we were getting the fire built. Before noon long rows of brown-kissed white loaves of bread and other long rows of tempting pies lined the pantry shelves. And one thing was certain: I always knew where the cookies were, and I would see to it that my little friends knew, too—especially the little girl friends!

When the time arrived, on Saturday evening for the meeting, one of the mothers would call the children in. We naturally were very busily engaged in play. But it was not too difficult to persuade us to come in. For there was a real spirit in those meetings, which even a child could feel and appreciate.

It was the custom for one of the older brethren to announce a hymn. Some brother, usually the one announcing the hymn, would line the hymn two lines at a time. Then the group would sing those two lines. Two more lines would be read or "lined" by the leader, then sung by the group. This was called "lining" the hymn.

To me there has never been a time or a place that seemed so dear as those blest scenes. The pearly gates have never seemed so bright and so near as in those meetings in the brethren's homes. It was the closeness of fellowship that caused Heaven to bend so low over us.

After the scripture reading and sermon, there would be another hymn or two and then closing prayers. And those prayers! So simple and so fervent that it seemed as if those pious elder brethren reached right up and took hold of the hand of God.

Meeting over, those who had come from a distance must have a bed provided for the night. It was always quite a task to get all the beds made for the guests. In warm weather, often the brethren made beds on the hay in the barn, leaving room for the women and children to sleep in the house.

Sunday morning was a most busy time. The chores must be finished earlier than usual to provide plenty of time to get everything in readiness for a full day.

Breakfast was provided for those who had driven in from a distance and stayed overnight. Then the Sunday morning services proceeded in about the same way as the Saturday evening meeting.

And then there was dinner to provide for all the guests from a distance. The table was stretched out as far as it would extend and often had to be filled several times. What dinners those were!

Not long after dinner, the brethren would start getting their horses out of the stables and hitched to the buggy or surrey. One by one they would drive down the lane. Another week-end meeting had passed. The next Saturday evening and Sunday it would be in a different, distant place. For the meetings were alternated from one part of the district to the other.

We were usually ready to get to bed earlier on the Sunday evenings when the meetings were at our house. For we were all tired. But there was a contentment and a peace like a golden afterglow.

The last Love Feast held in the barns was held

on the farm of Phillip Staub near Pleasant Hill. It was at this meeting in 1887 that it was definitely decided to build a church house. Moses Dohner, Warren Dohner, John Hershey and Jeremiah S. Hoke were appointed the committee to locate and build.

The old West Branch Quaker church was at first considered. It could have been purchased at a reasonable price since it had been abandoned by the Quakers. Furthermore, it was being used by the brethren once a month for services. And here the first Sunday School was also conducted under the leadership of the first Superintendent, Albert Heisey.

However, the building was old. And the cemetery across the road was taken up by the early Quakers. So the suggestion was rejected.

Because of the location of the small cemetery where lay the earthly temple of grandfather Dohner, as the direct result of the deep spiritual concern of that early pioneer of faith, it was decided that the church should be located by the side of the little cemetery. Father Hoke and his family swayed a great influence in this decision to locate at this spot.

The name was also suggested by Father Hoke. Because this was the highest point between Dayton and Covington, according to the survey made by the railroad when it was put through about a quarter of a mile east of this location, the spot was named Highland.

In the spring of 1889, the General Conference was held at the new church. How many glorious occasions have been witnessed here in the years since!



The Reunion of 1912 held at the home of Aunt Katie in Englewood, Ohio. Room does not permit us to identify all in the picture. You can distinguish, seated, Mother Hoke beside Aunt Anna Hitz. On her other side is Sam, Levi and Dave. To Aunt Anna's left are Aaron, Clara, Amanda and back of Amanda is Katie.

## THE FAMILY REUNION

The one thing which above all others has kept the Hoke family together through these years has been the family reunion. This was first begun in 1893 as a family prayer meeting.

And the reason the need was more definitely felt for such family meetings was a situation which arose in the church. Without going into detail here, it may be said that jealousy was largely responsible for preventing Aaron from being ordained as deacon after he had been duly chosen. This grieved Father so much that he never was active in the church until his death. Several other members of the family left the church and formed church homes elsewhere. This trouble began in 1892. Father was much concerned that this unfortunate affair should not keep the family from serving God and from having fellowship among themselves. So he began calling the families together for prayer meetings a couple times a year.

By this time the families were becoming pretty well scattered. Aaron was in Clarke County. A little later, Sam was in Indiana. Dave was at Georgetown or Potsdam. I was north of Pleasant Hill.

But for a number of years everyone made it a point not to miss these family prayer meetings at the Home Place. Later the meetings were sometimes held in the homes of the children—Sam, Clara, Aaron, Levi, Katie, Amanda.

It was a bitterly cold day, either Christmas of 1903 or New Years 1904. Father had called the family together for the regular prayer meeting. Although it was below zero, every member of the family was present. The secretary's record gives the attendance as 60. Aaron with his family drove 21 miles, we drove

14 miles, Clara and family and Dave and family each drove 8 miles and the rest of the family not quite so far—all by horse and buggy. How many today would drive in an unheated open buggy or surrey in zero weather, by slow moving horse, all those miles to attend a prayer meeting?

The good time we had when we got there made up for the cold drive. Mother had a table stretched all the way across the living room in the old house.

Father and Mother sat at the head of the table, with the children and their companions arranged accordingly to their ages. There were twenty at the table.

The grandchildren had the large kitchen to themselves. And there was plenty to eat. How I wish I could sit down to a dinner like that prepared by Mother again!

After dinner, Father handed each of his sons and daughters a five dollar gold piece and each of their companions one dollar. Each of the grandchildren was given a half-dollar.

Then all the group bundled up and drove to the West Branch church where Abram Ervin had a photographer's studio. This was when we had the family group picture taken, which is reproduced in this volume

It was also at this time that the reunion was organized. Father knew that he would not be here always to hold the family together. So he wanted to have an organization which would insure that the meetings would be continued, with someone responsible to arrange for them. So an organization was set up. The first chairman was Aaron. Dora Davis was the secretary. Harry Hoke was treasurer. George and Harry

Hoke were elected the committee on arrangement.

Fifty years have passed. The family group has greatly enlarged. There have been many officers and many serving on the various committees. But it is highly significant that two of the original historian committee still are serving on the committee as this volume is being published.

As this history is being written there are about 450 blood descendants of Jeremiah S. and Mary Elizabeth (Dohner) Hoke. These are the progeny of the nine children who grew to maturity. In my grandfather, David Hoke's (Number III), family there were eight children including my father, Jeremiah S. We may suppose there were approximately as many descendants in each of the other branches of the family of David Hoke (Number III). This is a conservative estimate since Jeremiah was the youngest of the family. That would make an estimated 3600 descendants of David Hoke, in a little more than 150 years since his death.

Let us assume that the same rate of increase would also apply to the previous generations. We know that large families were the general rule in earlier days, so this estimate is probably conservative. That would make the descendants of George Hoke (Number II) number nearly 29,000 souls. And going back to the first generation of Hokes in America, we would get the astonishing figure of 230,000 lineal descendants of George Hoke (Number I).

Where have the promises of God been more strikingly verified? In contrast, I know of a man who owned large tracts of land around and including what is now Potsdam. He made no pretense of piety, had no time for God. Today there is not a living soul to

preserve his name and his heritage.

Then let us consider from another angle. In every generation of our family, there has been a large percentage of ministers, missionaries and others of the highest callings of life. We have no record of anyone of the Jeremiah S. Hoke family in these nine generations having been a criminal. Must we not marvel at the manner in which God has answered the prayers of our godly ancestors?



Five Generations: Mother Hoke, Samuel (1), Lydia (15),  
Irvin (54), David Ray (207).

## SECTION II

### The Family Branches

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#### SAMUEL HENRY HOKE

Samuel was born March 13, 1855 on the old Hoke farm south of Lebanon, Pennsylvania. The family moved west when Samuel was eleven. But before moving from their Pennsylvania home, Samuel was driving one of the two teams of horses his father was working in the iron mines a few miles from their home, at Cornwall.

The family was Pennsylvania Dutch and could not talk English when they came to Ohio. Samuel recalled that they nearly got into a fight with neighbor boys on a Sunday afternoon soon after they settled in Ohio. Since neither could understand the other they were amused. But their laughter turned to anger when they thought the others were laughing at them.

At the age of 13, he was helping Father Hoke cut timbers for the building they had begun on the farm. He knew how to work from his earliest years. He told of walking often to Dayton, fifteen miles away. Grain was hauled by wagon over "corduroy" roads to Dayton, to market.

He was married to Martha, the daughter of John K. and Susanna Heisey Hocker, on January 23, 1879. The marriage was solemnized by Elder Louis Shaffer. They lived with her parents in Montgomery County, west of Englewood, for a few years after their marriage. Lydia and Elmer were born there.

Most of their married life of 47 years, was spent

in Miami and Darke Counties. Farming was his occupation most of his life. Their first move was in 1882 to the farm two miles west of Bradford which was owned by Father Hoke. John was born there. They lived at this place four years. In those days the Brethren, held meetings in the Little Red School House, Number 10, three miles west of Bradford. It was during this time that John Hocker moved with his family into this school district also.

From Bradford, Samuel moved with his growing family to Pattytown, north of Laura, and four miles west of Pleasant Hill. Harvey and Iva were born there, in what was known as the Buckeye School District. They had bought this farm when they moved onto it in 1886. But during the administration of President Cleveland, they got into a period of financial depression. They sold fat hogs at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound, corn at twenty cents a bushel and wheat at forty cents a bushel. At the same time, they had to pay eight per cent interest on some money they had borrowed.

So they decided to sell this farm and rented a farm for one year a mile east of Potsdam. Iva was quite small when this move was made. She became very homesick. She refused to have her coat and cap taken off. She insisted on going home.

After a year there, they bought the farm across the road from Highland Meeting House. Here Samuel and Martha lived and worked, rearing their family through some difficult and trying times. They found themselves again too much in debt so they sold to Father Hoke. For awhile they lived with Father Hoke on the other side of the house on the old homestead. There were a number of moves during those years, living at several places in the vicinity of West Milton.



Standing: Iva (19), John (17), Elmer (16), Harvey (18).  
Seated: Lydia (15), Samuel (1), Martha Hocker Hoke.

Then a few years were spent at Glen Karn, Indiana just across the State line west from Arcanum. Coming back to Ohio they bought a small farm on the Laura Pike west of West Milton where they lived until his health failed. They moved to Pleasant Hill where he died on November 18, 1926 at the age of 71 years and eight months. He had been blind for about a year, partially blind much longer.



Four Generations: Lydia Hoover (15), Mary Kniesley (56),  
Pauline (216), Rowena (442) and Harlan (443).

The primary concern of their lives was the cause of Christ and the Church. He was converted in 1878 at 23 years of age. He often told of the weeks and months of anxiously seeking peace with God. He joined the Brethren in Christ in which he was ordained a deacon in 1886. He served the Church in this and other active capacities for forty years.

He was always concerned for the spiritual welfare of his family, as well as others. He often drove miles out of the way to accomodate someone, especially to take them to church.

No doubt the influence of their godly lives is reflected in their children to the third and fourth generation. Some have successfully reared large families, others smaller, some acquired land and other property, some have demonstrated skill in building. But more important, a large percent have become active in the cause of Christ, as ministers, missionaries, relief workers, orphanage workers and leaders in the home Church and Sunday School. One son came into possession of a farm with a beautiful grove on it, located between the Highland Church and West Milton. Of this grove ten acres were donated to the Church for the development of a Camp Ground as a memorial to our forefathers who have been so largely instrumental in building and promoting the Church and its doctrines in this community. It is known as the "Memorial Holiness Camp".

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### **CLARA HOKE CASSEL**

Clara Hoke Cassel was born on October 3, 1856 in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, near the Hoke Meeting House. She was the second child of Jeremiah S. Hoke and Mary Dohner Hoke. She was married to David E. Cassel of near Englewood, Montgomery County,



Seated: David E. Cassel, Clara Hoke Cassel (2).  
Back Row: Dora (21), Jesse (22), Mary (20).

Ohio on October 10, 1878. She died near her father's homestead about two and a half miles from West Milton, Ohio, on October 6, 1933.

At the age of ten, she shared the experience of seeking a new home in Miami County, Ohio, with her parents. The family made the long journey to the midwestern state in the pioneer days of 1866 just at the conclusion of the Civil War days.

From the pictures preserved of her girlhood days, she may have developed a little pride in her heart—she was a beautiful girl. Nevertheless, the Lord found her and saved her from her sins at the age of 22. As an evidence of the loss of the pride in her heart, we do know that she joined a plain Church, the Brethren in Christ, commonly called River Brethren.

One outstanding trait of character she manifested should not go without stressing. She was greatly devoted to her parents—so much so that she became homesick to see them after she was married and moved a considerable distance from their home. Her husband was obliged to bring her home to her parents a number of times to relieve her of her homesickness. She also showed parental devotion by providing a home and care for her mother, Mary Dohner Hoke, during the time when the latter finished her career on earth, eleven years in all. That association was a pleasant memory for the Cassel family to cherish through the years.

Although she was always very quiet and unassuming, she did not fail to give her testimony on the side of her Lord. One of her oft-repeated expressions, "I am not tired of the way of the Lord," brought much confidence in the reality of her personal experience of salvation.

In addition to her good Christian character, she was well known for her patience toward all persons with whom she came in contact. The simplicity and plainness of her garb deviated but little. Her unassuming mannerisms blended very well with her old style Quaker bonnet and long flowing dresses. As a faithful farmer's wife, she showed benevolence and a spirit of helpfulness to her neighbors and many friends, going out of her way many times to help others in trouble or distress. She always preferred to stay at home with her family instead of going out in public.

Her children and grandchildren have strong recollections of her industry as a housekeeper and homemaker. Being a good cook herself, she enjoyed eating good food. This, no doubt, led to her becoming very corpulent in her later years. With the pleasure she enjoyed in providing good food by the home-cooking processes, she became well known for her genial hospitality in the entertainment of her much loved children, friends, neighbors and members of her church. As long as she was able she looked forward to those occasions at least once a week.

Her prayers, accompanied with travail of soul, groaning and a pleading voice in behalf of the spiritual welfare of her children will ring in their ears as long as they live. In the spring-time, she often experienced seasons of discouragement, but this lasted for only a brief period.

When Clara was first married, she lived with her husband at his father's homestead near Englewood, Ohio. It was there that the daughters, Mary J. Freeze and Dora E. Davis, were born. They later moved to a farm near Gettysburg, Ohio, where the son, Jesse C. Cassel, was born. Before moving to the present D. E.

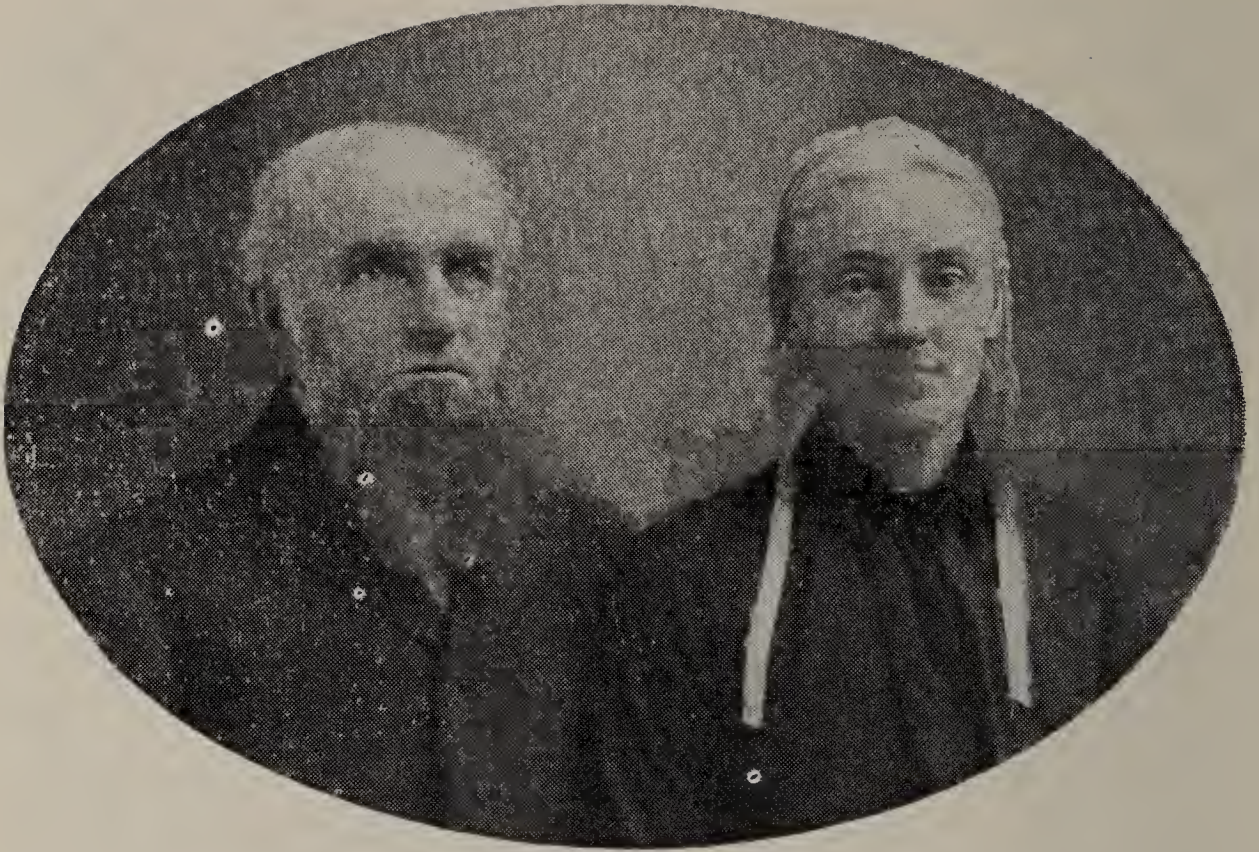
Cassel Homestead near West Milton, they lived for a short time near Potsdam in Miami County, Ohio. She died at the old homestead near the Highland Church. Her oldest daughter, Mary J. Freeze, and her husband, Robert D. Freeze, are residing at the homestead at the time of the publication of this history.

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## **AARON D. HOKE**

Aaron, was born December 19, 1857, in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. At the age of seven he moved with his parents to Miami County, Ohio where he spent his early life and received his schooling at School No. 12 on Garland Road. He taught school at least one term. How many times "Old Dobbin" traveled from West Milton to New Carlisle, Clark County, we do not know, but remember Mother telling about the meetings they had at the Bucher barn and how they worked to bake and cook for those coming to the meetings.

On December 1, 1881, Aaron D. Hoke and Mary Alice Bucher were united in marriage. They lived and farmed at the Bucher Homestead two years. It was here that Harry B. was born. From here they moved to a farm near Brookville, Montgomery County, for one year. Anna M. was born at this place. Mother often talked about the ghost in that house. She told how they would see lights in the yard at night. They never used the upstairs. It was here the snow blew through the cracks in the walls and filled the rooms. They moved back to Clark County to a farm in Pike Township, Honey Creek School District, with just a one room log house and no other buildings but soon built a house, barn, then hog pen, and shed. They



Aaron D. Hoke and Wife.

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worked hard and “tended market” in Springfield. At this home, Emma B., Jeremiah W., and Ada M. were born. In the spring of 1893 they moved to the farm now known as the Hoke Farm. Here Clara V. was born. They farmed, ran a dairy, raised hogs and ran a butter, egg and meat route in Springfield for over twenty-five years. In the spring of 1917, they retired from the farm, moving to New Carlisle. On June 20, 1921, Father joined the Heavenly Throng. Mother followed on May 7, 1945.

From our earliest recollection we were taken to Church. They drove a horse and surrey some ten or twelve miles to Donnelsville River Brethren Church. Though small we can remember how they preached that each one should examine their own hearts before taking communion and washing feet. We can re-

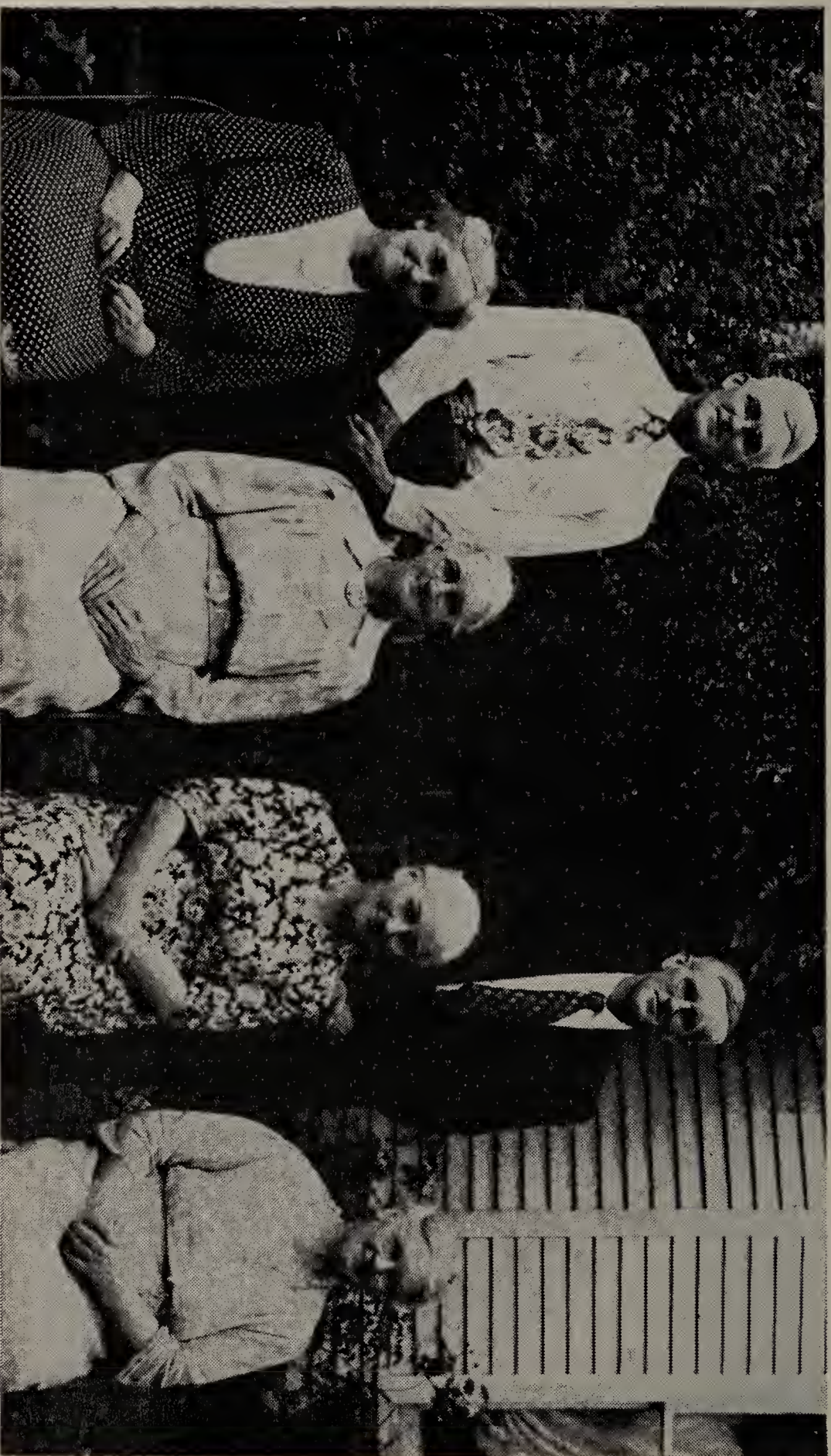
member the Sunday afternoon Prayer Meetings in different homes. They used benches without backs on them.

Then through God's plan he was led into a new field of labor with greater possibilities and into new experiences. In 1896, he helped to organize the New

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Standing: Harry Hoke holding Mary Esther, Anna Hoke Cox holding Earl W. Seated: Mother Hoke and Aaron (3).



AARON HOKE FAMILY

Standing: Jeremiah (27), Harry (23). Seated: Clara (28), Ada (26), Emma (25), Anna (24).

Carlisle M. B. C. Church of which he held every office a layman could hold. He was always an earnest and efficient worker in the Church. He filled many positions of importance and trust. He was very spiritual, always attended Prayer Meetings, seldom ever missing any services. For a number of years we went to Church three times every Sunday. For a period of twenty-three years he was Sunday School Superintendent. He was elected to the office of Deacon which office he held until his death. He was a father to the church, a good advisor and instructor. For many years he was treasurer of the Board of Annual Conference Trustees. Many times he went as a delegate to annual conference. Four times, he went as delegate to General Conference. For two four-year terms he was treasurer of the General Conference Executive Committee. He was re-elected for the third term and served until his death.

He was a man of deep piety, high ideals, worthy ambitions, was unblemished in character, untiring in energy, conscientious in business, faithful to every trust placed in him.

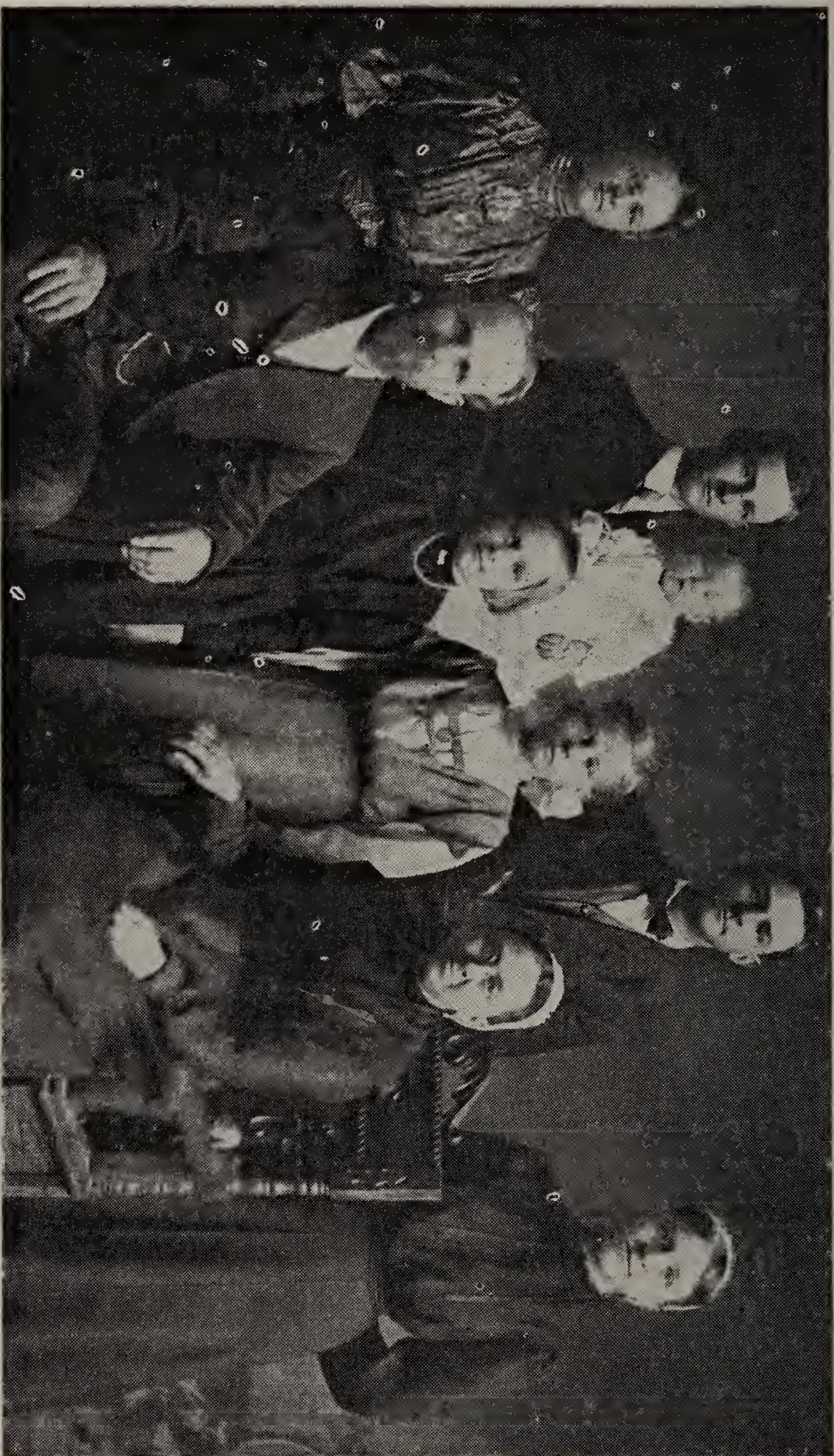
Aaron and his wife worked, prayed, and gave their lives in His service that we might enjoy the rich blessings that are ours today.

Let us be faithful to the rich heritage they left for us.

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### LEVI S. HOKE

Levi was born on the Hoke farm south of Lebanon in Pennsylvania, on December 25, 1863. He was the most valued Christmas present that Mother had. Perhaps it was this which gave him favor with her so that



Back Row: Mazy (30), Ambrose (29), Albert (31), Elsie (32).  
Front Row: Levi (7), Alice (32 b), Letitia (32 a), Anna Hocker Hoke.

he dared talk English to her, when none of the rest of the family did!

He was two and a half years old when the family moved to Ohio. During this moving he was very nearly the victim of a great tragedy. As Mother told it, he was nearly kidnapped by a strange man on the way to Ohio. The man had picked him up and started to walk off with him down the railroad tracks. Father overtook them and brought Levi back to Mother.

He lived and worked with the rest of the family on the old homestead until he married Anna Hocker. They rented a farm for two years. Then they bought the farm west of Englewood where they built a new house and barn. Here they reared their family.

Levi was a man who knew how to deal well with the public. For many years he operated a threshing outfit, a saw mill and other public work. He was respected and well liked by all who knew him.

A few years were spent in Colorado, during the great push into the new territory farther west. There they lost two daughters.

Levi's last big private project was public road construction. He was president of the Englewood Construction Company doing road contracting. He was framed by unscrupulous men who nearly ruined him financially.

His last work was with the Montgomery County Engineers office. He was maintenance foreman under the P. W. A. On July 23, 1930 when coming out of the Court House in Dayton, he fell on the steps with a heart attack and died a few minutes later in the hospital.

He was a charter member of the Englewood State Bank and President of the Bank for many years. He

had strong determination, making his own decisions. Once he had decided, it was hard to change his mind. Early in life he joined the Brethren in Christ Church. He served the Church as deacon for many years. He and his family have left a deep impression upon the life of the community around Englewood.

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## CATHARINE HOKE MILLER

In the Jeremiah S. Hoke family, there were three very devout girls who grew to maturity and raised families. They were Clara, Katie and Amanda. Katie was the one who was the most active of the girls and the one whose life was filled with the greatest mixture of romance, toils, disappointments and happiness. All the grandchildren loved to visit with beloved Aunt Katie. She talked so interestingly, so enthusiastically and so kindly that her memory always lingered in their minds like the fragrance of a beautiful flower. Besides, she never failed to please the appetite of her visitors. She not only furnished appetizing food, such as cakes, cookies and sweets, but the more stable kinds like the fluffy mashed potatoes and meats and her famous Aunt Katie's chicken pot pie. What was more, that was her delight and one of her great joys in life—service to others.

Katie was the first child of the Jeremiah S. Hoke family to be born in Ohio. It appears from the record that her birth occurred shortly after that long and arduous journey from Pennsylvania to the Hoke's new home in the Buckeye State. She was born on March 19, 1867. Her sister Clara was then only ten years old. The brothers and sisters of that generation were so much closer in friendship and love than they are today. Especially, was that true as to Clara, Katie and



Cousin Ammon Hoke and Catherine (Katie) Hoke Miller (9).

Amanda. That devotion to one another is a sacred memory cherished by all the relatives who knew them intimately.

As was the case with her sisters, Katie also accepted Jesus as her Saviour. She likewise joined a plain church called the Brethren in Christ and continued to wear the Quaker bonnet as long as she lived. She was united in marriage to Harvey Miller who became a minister in the Brethren in Christ Church. He preached for many years to both the Highland and Fairview Church congregations, the former being located near West Milton and the latter near Englewood, Ohio.

Her many fine traits of character were easily seen and recognized by those who knew her. Her fine Christian character was never questioned. She was very patient in all her dealings with those about her in everyday life. She was extremely industrious and was not afraid of hard work. In fact during her early married life when times were hard, she worked too hard, performing tasks both in the fields on the farm and in the house. She was always interested in the problems of her relatives and friends. In her later years she became so benevolent in her financial assistance to needy friends and worthy social or religious projects that some of her closest friends thought she might be doing more than her Lord required of her. All of this showed a heart that was so big, loving and kind. To know her was to love her.

Here is an example of what an industrious life will accomplish in one's earthly career. She greatly enjoyed her family life on the Stoltz Farm along the Miami-Montgomery County Road near where her parents lived. That was a farm of many beautiful springs

with never failing running water. She enjoyed it even though she milked so many cows, made cream cheese, butter and similar products besides sending garden produce she raised to the Dayton markets. It is true that she made some money. But when we add to her farm duties other activities such as sewing for satisfied customers (this she did all her life), making quilts and rugs for sale, boarding roomers in her own home, and



Mother Hoke, Margaret (133), Catharine (9). (Standing) Ada

serving as a cook in the home of Cathrine Kennedy Brown of Dayton, Ohio for a number of years, we must conclude that she earned it the hard way. Her life is a good lesson for succeeding generations.

There was no other person in the Hoke reunion who enjoyed them as much as she did. She was proud of all her relatives and really enjoyed them. She loved to travel, having made trips to the Messiah Home, an institution for the aged, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania and to the scenes of her parent's old home near Lebanon, Pennsylvania. She also enjoyed trips to California and Florida.

Katie had one daughter, Ada, who married Ira Bartley. After the death of Katie's husband, she went to live with her daughter in Groveport, Ohio, not far from Columbus. It was during those years that she enjoyed the companionship of her lovely grandchildren so much. It was the delight of the last years of her life. However, she did not have the privilege of seeing the twin great-grandsons that were born to her granddaughter, Margaret. We just wonder what she would say if she could see those fine twin great-grandsons today.

The industrious and beloved Aunt Katie died on May 6, 1948, at the age of 82 in the home of her daughter who then resided at Groveport. She was buried in the family lot in the Fairview Cemetery at Englewood, Ohio.

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### **AMANDA HOKE HOOVER**

Amanda was born January 1, 1869 at the old Hoke Homestead south of West Milton, Ohio.

Amanda was known from childhood for her kind,



Back: Gainor (40), Walter (41), Clayton (34), Emery (39), Jesse (38).  
Front: Alice (35), Marion, Eva (36), Amanda (10), Lela (37), Florence (42).

lovable and pleasant disposition. When a girl at home, regardless of what she was doing—making hay, washing dishes or making garden—she could so often be heard singing. Her father called her his singing bird.

Amanda was religiously inclined from her childhood and was very definitely saved in her early teens and soon after joined her parents' Church. Father Hoke being a minister of the Brethren in Christ Church had great influence on her. After she was saved she often accompanied him, during the winter time, in Evangelistic Services. She was a great help to him in leading singing and her testimony was an inspiration and help to other young people.

She had accompanied her father and was helping him in a Revival Meeting in Richland County when she met and later married Marion S. Hoover, the son of Bish. B. F. Hoover, of near Mansfield, Ohio. Their marriage occurred at the old Hoke Homestead on Christmas Day 1892.

Although her active service in the church was greatly hindered by the multiple duties of wife and mother of a large family, yet deep within her heart that yearning after spiritual things never left her. She always was especially concerned that each of her nine boys and girls would become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. After the children had all left home, this concern was manifested in the many letters which she wrote them with nearly always admonitions, and a prayer that God would save each one.

Later in life when she was not so well and did not always have a way to her own church services, she could not be content to sit at home but would wend her way to worship in the little Chapel in the small town of Union where she lived. Her presence here was



The Hoover Family Reunion on the Golden Wedding Anniversary.

always an inspiration. She made friends with the townspeople and often became a welcome visitor in homes where there was sickness or trouble, because the people really had confidence in this faithful Christian mother who lived an exemplary life before them.

The 50th Wedding Anniversary would have been held on December 25th, 1942 but due to the imminence of war and being in mid-winter and some of the children living so far away in California, New York State, etc., the date was changed to June, 1942 and through the Providence of God, all nine of the children were privileged to be at home—this not having happened for 22 years. We had all been at home at different times of course during these 22 years but had never been able to make it to all be at home at the same time.

There were 44 grandchildren and all but three were there.

Just a little over two years later she joined the growing family circle at the Eternal Reunion, passing from this life on July 1944. She had attained life's greatest reward for faithful service as a noble mother.

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### DAVID E. HOKE

David E. Hoke, the fifth son of Jeremiah and Mary Dohner Hoke was born February 12, 1871, on the old homestead farm on the county line road south of West Milton. Here he grew to manhood, attending the rural school at number twelve. He came to be known as Dave almost all his life.

Dave was very quiet and timid even from youngest childhood. I remember one of his familiar gestures, when asked a question by anyone, was to put his hand over his mouth or part of his face. If I happened to be



Back: David (46), Carrie (43), Edna (47a), Treva (44) Hannah Mary (45).  
Seated: David E. (11), Esther (47), Angeline Dohner Hoke.

around I would answer the question for him. Nothing backward about me!

Those who knew him will remember he was a bit lame. This came from the time when the barn was built on the old home farm. Dave was just a toddler. Somehow he fell from the bank of the barn and injured his knee. It never fully cleared up.

Dave and Eli were close to the same age and were together much of the time when younger. I remember when Eli would get hungry he would go to Mother and tell her in Dutch, that Dave was hungry, he wanted something to eat! It was true that even with the family at home Dave was very timid.

One winter day we three (Dave, Eli and I) were put to work by Father carrying straw from the old strawstack in the barnyard, to bed down the stables. Dave and Eli were up on the icy stack with mattock and axe chopping the frozen straw loose. I was below carrying loose straw into the barn. Not too ambitious, I was leaning on the fork handle at the base of the stack when my big brothers decided they had enough straw loose. They pitched their heavy tools down and the mattock struck me right on the top of the head. It knocked me out completely. They carried me to the house. In those days it was not common to call a doctor, nor so handy. Mother bandaged up my head and took care of me herself, not knowing at the time that I had a fractured skull. I was rather dizzy for nearly a week.

Dave and I were very close throughout our lives. We played and worked together very well. Dave was always obedient and dutiful. He worked on the old home farm, helping the family, until of age.

He was united in marriage to Angeline Dohner, whom he met at a spelling bee at old Number Twelve. Neither belonged to church when they married. They soon joined the Church of the Brethren.

Six children blessed their home. One son, David C. and five daughters, Carrie Minnich, Edna Hoke, Treva Brubaugh, Mary Kauffman and Esther Miller.

Their life together was spent on the farm, where he was ever concerned about his home and loved ones. He was a kind and helpful neighbor and greatly interested in the church of which he was trustee for several years.

He died rather suddenly with heart trouble on August 2, 1939. In 1947, January 19, Edna was called home to be with her kind father, who had done so much for her comfort.

The other children are in homes of their own and live near where they can visit their Mother often. She lives alone in Potsdam.

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## **ELIAS MOSES HOKE**

Elias Moses Hoke was born August 11, 1872, on the old Hoke homestead along the County Line Road.

Eli spent his childhood with his parents on the farm. His home was the prudent, God fearing household of a Pennsylvania Dutch family. All his life he was known as Eli.

Eli was very conscientious and sensitive from childhood.

One Sunday afternoon when we were boys together on the old home farm, Pap and Mother had gone somewhere to church. With some others boys we were playing croquet. We knew it would not meet the ap-

proval of our parents, but it did not bother the rest of us. Suddenly, Eli became conscience smitten. He started walking in circles and praying, saying in Dutch, "Tell Mother to forgive me." The rest of us now were greatly concerned and it effectively stopped the sneaking game on that Sunday afternoon.

As a youth he was devout and early in life he joined the Brethren in Christ church, later becoming



Seated: Eli (12),. Standing: Perry (48), Gracie (49),  
Chester (50).

a member of the Christian Brethren. At the age of 23 he married Sarah Ann Heckman of Union, Ohio, to which union three children were born: Perry, Chester and Grace.

He was humble and patient and greatly respected and loved by all who knew him.

He had many, many remarkable answers to prayer. He had an especially strong religious inclination and faith. He was fond of reading, especially the New Testament which almost always he carried with him. On October 24, 1918, he was deeply crushed by the death of his wife. This loss drew him closer to the Lord and he spent much time in reading and quoting Scripture and in prayer.

In his latter years when he was taken very ill and was in the hospital and was not expected himself to live, one day the man in the bed next to him became very ill. He had been an extremely profane fellow. Even though Eli was a very sick man himself and had a drainage tube in his side following his operation, he was so concerned about the spiritual welfare of the other man that he could scarcely be restrained from going to him. He wanted to go and pray for him. This illustrates the deep concern which he carried for the spiritual welfare of others.

From the hospital he was taken to a rest home and later to the home of his daughter, who cared for her Father until his death.

On May 11, 1947, he left us. His body rests in a small cemetery near his childhood home, a mile and a half northwest of Union, Ohio.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON HOKE

I was the youngest of the family, born October 15, 1876, at the old Homestead along the County Line south of West Milton, Ohio.

On the farm with our parents we children had little chance for education. Life was rugged, and depended largely on physical labor in those pioneering days. Little need was felt for more extensive education.

I was married and we started housekeeping at the age of eighteen, in the little summer house by the side of the old homestead. The summer house had only two rooms. We lived there only a part of a year. Eli's health was not too good. So we exchanged places. Eli was living on a farm owned by Father Hoke near the Center Church, now known as the Beckley Farm. There we lived with our family, three years.

Then we moved to the Miller farm two miles north of Pleasant Hill. This was a two hundred acre farm known as the Church farm. There we lived for six years, prospering very well.

In 1906, I attended the Annual conference of the Church of the Brethren, held at Carthage, Missouri. With me on the excursion tour went Father and Mother Hoke. It was their last visit with the Dohner cousins at Peabody, Kansas.

After the conference, Father Hoke and I with twenty-seven others from Carthage, made a trip to Rosswell, New Mexico. Father Hoke, two other men and I purchased 320 acres of land near Dexter, New Mexico.

We made sale at the farm north of Pleasant Hill and moved with our two children to New Mexico. We

arrived about the first of March, with no house into which we could move. So I bought a lot and built the first plastered house in Dexter. Before it was quite complete I sold it for a small profit. Then I built out on the 320 acre farm.

This venture was a disappointment. After having built on it and having it all paid for, we discovered that it was only a desert claim piece of land. We could not get a Government Patent for it. So we got out of this deal, fortunately getting back all the money we had invested, losing only our time.

We had some interesting and exciting experiences in New Mexico which we do not have room to relate here. Through it all we could see the providence of God.

In the spring of 1907, we moved in with Sister Katie. They had sale and we bought most of their herd of dairy cows. Then we lived on Father's other place, where Elmer Hoke now lives. In 1908, after Father passed away and the estate was closed, I bought the Fall Branch Farm, built a barn and house and ran a dairy. Here Georgana was born.

She was just seven days old when I took double pneumonia. For ten days there was little hope for my recovery. I always had great faith in anointing the sick for their healing according to the Scriptures. It was a very cold day but John S. Brumbaugh of the Salem Church of the Brethren, honored my request. It was quite an undertaking to get him there since it was at least twenty miles. He came with Isaac Frantz by street car to Pleasant Hill and then by horse and buggy.

I was barely conscious that they came and hardly knew what they were doing. But they came and while



George Hoke Family Reunion.

they laid on hands and prayed I fell asleep and did not awaken until around four o'clock. I knew I was much better and from that moment I improved until I had fully recovered. It was all the goodness of God.

After two years on that farm we sold out and bought the Dodson Elevator, Grocery and Coal yard, which we operated until the fall of 1913.

That was the year of the Dayton flood. There was no way for trains to get through Dayton. A passenger train was put on the siding at Dodson, right by our little store. Very quickly the passengers ate up all our supply of groceries. Then my wife thought of baking bread and cookies, since we had a large supply of flour and canned goods. The train could not leave until the water receded. We fed the trainload of passengers for several days.

The need for food and clothing was urgent. So I loaded up our spring wagon with food and shelf-worn clothing and took it to the city and gave it out for relief. Then the neighborhood brought in provisions and we loaded it up. It made a car-load of food, shoes, clothing and anything that could be used to help the flood sufferers.

That fall we exchanged the Elevator for three residences in Greenville. The following spring we moved to West Milton, and I went into the business of painting roofs.

In the spring of 1915, we moved on the home place and started farming again. Mina was now married and lived at Needmore. In 1917, we bought the home place from the rest of the heirs. We paid \$12,600 for it.

In the spring of 1918, I carried the petition for the Mote Road, and then bought the contract to build

the one mile past Highland Church. This work was completed in thirty days after I began and I was farming my farm at the same time. Then I carried the petition on the Jay Road but was underbid.

My wife had to undergo several very grave operations during this time. So we were forced to leave the farm again. We moved to West Milton and I went into the real estate business and farm loans. I was associated with the Union Life Insurance Company in this loan business. Later we sold our property in West Milton and moved to Dayton, living at a number of different places in the city.

In 1932, we moved back to the farm. On the tenth day of May we lost our house in a fire. We were without money and could not borrow. We got \$750.00 out of the insurance. With that we planned to repair the house so we could live in it. With the help of my nephews, Robert Freeze and Elmer Hoke and assisted by Samuel Bowser, an old carpenter, we finally got it repaired as it now stands.

Then the Union Central foreclosed the mortgage on the farm. I entered a counter suit for \$3500.00 which the Company owed me in commissions. Judge Johns, one of the best judges ever to wear the robes, refused the company the right to foreclosure. A little later a moratorium was placed on all foreclosures. So the old home place was saved for us.

On January 27, 1937, I was painting our house roof. A ladder gave way and I was compelled to jump. I struck a stone sideways with my right foot. It broke my leg just above the ankle and the great impact forced the broken bone through clothing and a rubber boot and into the ground several inches. I did not realize

I had broken my leg and tried to walk. I was carried into the house and laid on the davenport. Then two doctors were called. In removing my rubber boot they pulled it off instead of cutting it off. With it they pulled the bone back into the flesh without cleaning it off.

I was rushed to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Dayton, arriving about 7:00 in the evening. I was left lying in this condition until about 10:45. Then they put my leg into a plaster cast, again without cleaning the bone and leaving a tube for drainage. In about forty-eight hours, blood poisoning had set in. To save my life they had to amputate my leg.

It was on Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, when my doctor came in. I had been in a semi-conscious state most of the night. When the doctor came in he spoke to me and I knew it but I was too far gone to answer him. He lifed up my eyelid, then turned to the nurse and remarked that he guessed they had waited too long.

But he ordered the nurse to get me ready at once to remove the leg. I knew what they meant. I had requested several times that they remove my leg to save my life. It was just 12:00 noon when they came to my room.

I was too near gone for them to give me enough anaesthetic to put me out completely. I could hear them talking. When they had finished, I heard someone say that they had done all they could and the undertaker could take care of me. They just covered me up with a sheet and left me there alone.

When I regained consciousness I called and called for someone to come. But no one came and I lapsed

back into unconsciousness. Finally the nurse did come and I begged her not to leave me alone again. I was certain now since they had removed the poisoned leg, that I would recover.

I remained unconscious most of the time all that afternoon until 6:00 when I had an experience which I have never told publicly. It was too sacred to me to tell anyone but my own immediate family. But now I am going to share it with the rest of the Hoke family.

I had a vision of Heaven. I was in a trance for probably one hour, when the chapel doors opened and they began to play the organ and sing. The voices came ringing down along those long halls just when I was in the trance. It was too wonderful for any tongue or pen to describe.

I was carried away in my trance to a large hall. It seemed at least a mile long. The portal of this hall was very large with great doors on either side. People were pouring in from either side and I was at the head of this throng of people going toward the opening at the other end. It was so far off that it looked very small, but through it I could see the beautiful golden streets with all the wonderful scenery and the glorious mansions we read about in the Bible. Inside those pearly gates it was brighter than the noon-day sun.

My soul was leaping with joy. I was waving my hands to my loved ones. And the music from the chapel came in just then and I thought it was music from the palaces of light where they sing forever their praises to the Lamb.

I was just entering the gates into the New Jerusalem. The joy was overwhelming my soul. I could almost see some of the saints with my blessed Savior. It

seemed that I was just ready to step over when my good wife laid her soft hand on my brow and I was called back.

Oh! How I regretted that I was disturbed. I can never forget the sorrow that came over me when I realized that I was not going to enter through those gates just then after all.

But I am sure that God had a purpose in sparing my life. I believe that purpose to be that I should record His providence in the years of our history.

While I was given up to die, I had faith that our Heavenly Father could make me well again. I knew people were praying for my recovery. I was anointed and God honored our faith.

And so through much disappointment and suffering our Father has brought us safely. One of these days we expect to complete the family circle of Pap and Mother Hoke over in that wonderful Home. And we earnestly hope all the younger generation will join us there too. That is our chief purpose in writing this book.

# A PARALLEL LINE of Double-Cousin Hokes

SETH AARON HOKE

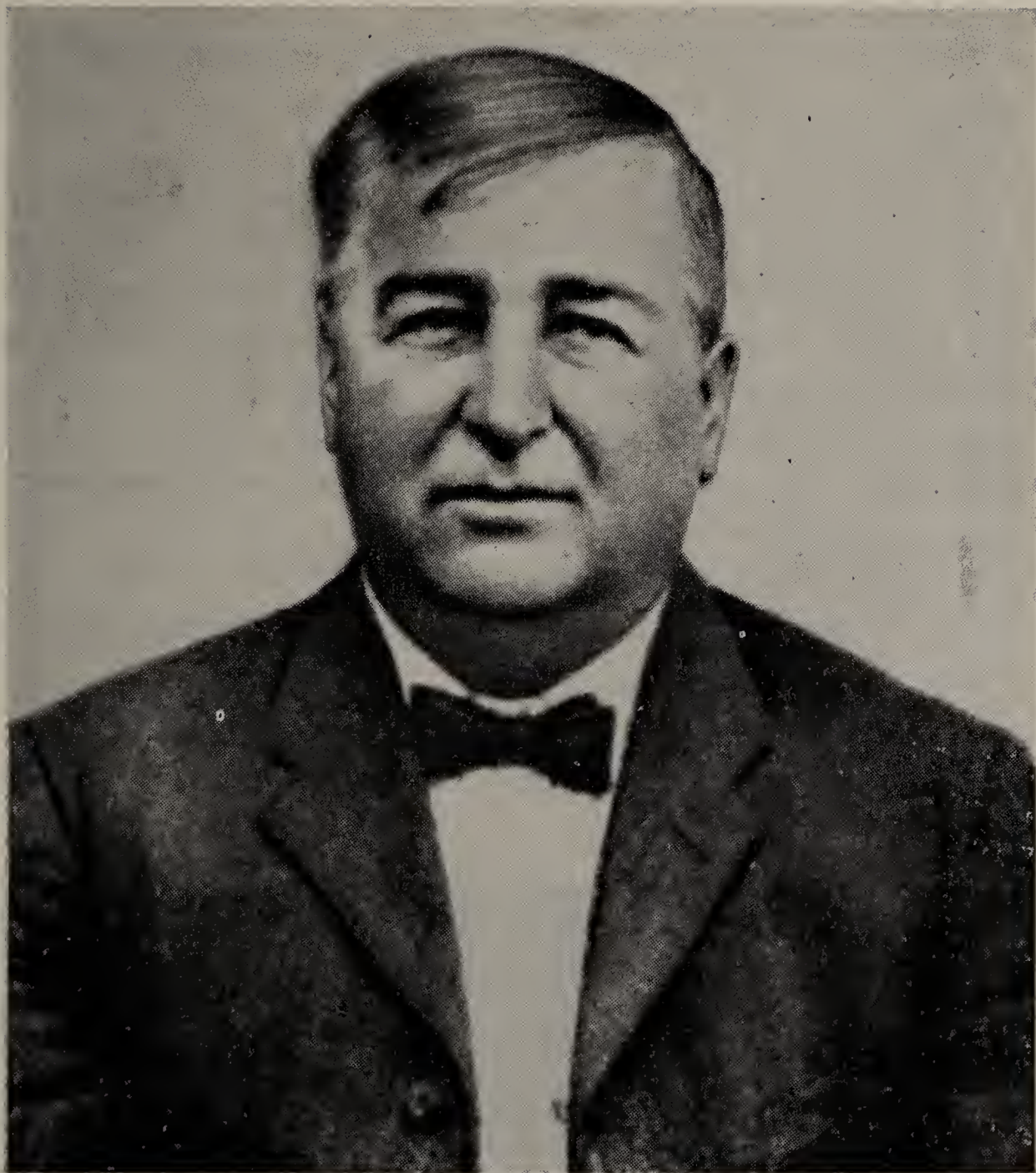
Many of our families are not acquainted with the relationship of the Seth Hoke family to our own, nor of the circumstances which led to Seth's settling in Ohio alongside of Father Hoke.

Seth was nephew to Father Hoke, being the son of John, an older brother to Father. Seth followed his Uncle Jerry to Ohio in 1881. The newer country in Ohio seemed to hold greater promise. With his wife Katie (nee Dohner) and their three children, Oscar, Sallie and Bertha, he settled first on the old Moses Dohner farm west of Highland Church.

They lived here only one year, moving to the Dohner sisters' farm, and from there to the Bashore farm at Little York. Here he lived for several years, then resided for a shorter time on the Dayton-Covington Pike now known as Route 48. Here he lost his wife, whose decease left Seth alone with six children.

He bought ten acres across from the Highland Church. After several years here in which time he became acquainted with and eventually married his second wife, he sold the little home and bought a large farm east of Union.

Then the family moved to Darke County, near Greenville. Later he sold this farm and bought north of Gettysburg. While living here he had an operation to amputate his leg. He died on the operating table, on May 15, 1917. His aged mother had been making her home with Seth's for some years. She died later



Seth A. Hoke

the same year. Both were buried in the Highland Cemetery.

Seth was a man who made friends readily. He was appreciated and liked wherever he went. He apparently had developed an admiration for his Uncle Jeremiah and was closely associated with him and his family. Since the decease of the heads of these fam-

ilies, there has been a gradual drifting apart. It is hoped that this family history will serve to renew the acquaintance of these two branches of the one noble ancestry of Hokes.

One of the interesting sidelights from the study of the records is the financial angle which seems to have exerted strong influence. Apparently much of the money which our Father Jeremiah invested in his farm loan business came from the maternal line of Seth Hoke. The Wolfe name recurs frequently in the accounts. And it appears that the Wolfe ancestry were quite well off financially in those days. Undoubtedly, the good showing of the investments by Father Hoke had a large influence in drawing Seth to Ohio.

It should be noted here, also, that Seth married a cousin of our Mother so that there was a double relationship.



Mary Dohner Hoke and Seth Hoke's Mother.

# **PART II**

## **GENEALOGIES**

## THE SCOPE OF THE GENEALOGIES

The little volume we are now publishing is primarily the history of the descendants of Jeremiah S. Hoke and Mary Elizabeth (nee Dohner) Hoke, originally of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, but later migrating to Miami County, Ohio. The story does attempt to reach back of this point, however, and give as much information as we have available on the establishment of the Hokes and Dohners in this country on their first coming to America.

Before the coming of these families to this country we have little definite information. There is considerably more data available from the Dohners than from the Hokes. Therefore, we have included a chapter on the Dohner's background not only because we believe it to be closely parallel, in the main, to the story of the Hokes in the old country, but also because it is our direct lineage on my Mother's side.

The Hoke genealogy begins with one of the three Hoke brothers who came to this country from Zweibrücken, Germany in 1734. What became of the cousins in the old country is not within the scope of this volume. It would certainly be most interesting reading if the information could be made available.

But that thread of the story of the Hokes is lost to us. Whether it will later be rediscovered may depend on many circumstances.

Neither is it within the scope of this book to trace the descendants of the other brothers who came across the ocean with my great grandfather, George (the first George Hoke for the purpose of this genealogy.) Of these other two brothers, Andrew and Michael, we have not much detail to give. We must confine ourselves to brief references to these other branches of Hokes.

Nor can we give complete genealogical data for all the lineal descendants of George (the first) Hoke. We must confine ourselves here to showing the lineage which led to our own family branch—the family of Jeremiah Hoke.

And so although the genealogical line is traced from George Hoke who crossed the sea with his two brothers, he being considered as the first generation for the purpose of this history, yet in effect, this is the history of only one of his great grandsons, Jeremiah S. Hoke. In other words this is designed to be the complete record linking Jeremiah S. Hoke to the settlement of the Hoke family in America and tracing his lineage until the publication of this little volume.

Thanks to the interest and care of father (Jeremiah S. Hoke) we do have the complete record of the lineage of George Hoke (first) down to the fourth generation. This was copied in father's own careful handwriting in a neat note book. It was written on August 15, 1903 just after father had made a visit back to Pennsylvania to attend the funeral of some member of the family. This is a complete record up to that date, of all the family lineage. This made the task of tracing the story much easier for us. This record, complete as Father penned it, is the first display in this Part II.

We begin then with George Hoke (I) who was born in Germany, presumably at Zweibricken. His wife's maiden name was Schwartz. These were great-grandfather and great-grandmother to Jeremiah S. Hoke who is responsible for our information.

He lists one son of this first generation, George Hoke (II) who married Christina Zinn. Whether there were other children our informant does not say. These were the grandparents of Jeremiah.

One child of George Hoke (II) and Christina Zinn Hoke was David Hoke (III), the father of Jeremiah S. Hoke (IV), our father. Again we must remind the reader that the record up to this point, of the first three generations of the Hokes in America, does not pretend to be complete. We know that there were other children of George Hoke (II) but we do not have the complete record.

George, the second son of George Hoke (II), was an elder and leader in the Brethren Church. He was a man of much prominence in the Brotherhood, serving for twenty years on the Standing Committee, and from 1848 to 1858 as moderator of the Annual Meetings.

Evidently David Hoke was the younger of the family.

The descendants of David Hoke (III), the grandfather of the author of this book, should feel a great debt of gratitude to Jeremiah S. Hoke who gave them the very vital genealogical chain completely tracing our lineage to one of the original immigrants.

Since the manuscript of Jeremiah S. Hoke (IV) giving a summary history of the family to 1903, is already 48 years old, the historian committee in charge of compilation and publication of this book decided that it would be wise to adopt a special designation in the system of numbering each individual in the Hoke line listed here.

And so Jeremiah S. Hoke is number IV, indicating that he is of the Fourth Generation of Hokes in America. His first born, a son, Samuel Henry Hoke is number 1, the second, a daughter, Clara is number 2, and so on consecutively through all the direct descendants.

Following the name of each individual after the fifth generation is a number in parenthesis. This indicates the direct ancestor of the individual. For example, No. 22, is Jesse C. Cassel and following his name is (2) which indicates that his direct lineal ancestor is No. 2. Turning to No. 2, you will find Clara Hoke Cassel, the mother of Jesse C. Cassel.

**Diesen beiden Ehegatten,**  
aus: **David Hock** und seiner Ehefrau  
**Calbarina** eine geborene **Schubly**  
ist ein **Sohn** zur Welt geboren, den **15**  
Tag im **August** im Jahr unseres Herrn, **1843**  
Dieses Kind ist geboren in **Libanon**  
in **Libanon** Canton, im Staat  
**Pennsylvania** in Nord-Amerika, und ist getauft  
worden vom Hrn. Pfarrer  
und erhielt den Namen **Jeremiah Hock**

Die Tauf-Zeugen waren:

Birth Certificate of Jeremiah S. Hoke.

# SECTION ONE

## Our Original Record

WEST MILTON, MIAMI COUNTY, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902

The Pedigree below arranged by: Jeremiah S. Hoke

### RECORD OF NAMES AND FAMILIES OF THE HOKE GENERATION

Three brothers, Michael, Andrew and George Hoke, formerly residents of Urope, Zweibricken, Germany emigrated to America about 150 or 160 years from above date. After they had come across the ocean and landed in the United States of America, one of these three brothers settled down in York County, Pa., one of them in Lancaster County, Pa., and the other George Hoke settled in Lebanon County, Pa. This same George Hoke was my Father's Grandfather, Hence, my Great Grandfather.

Ist. Name of Great Grandfather, George Hoke and name of Great Grandmother, Mrs. Swartz.

(First generation) Name of Grandfather was George Hoke and name of Grandmother, Christena Zinn.

(Second generation) Name of my Father, David Hoke and name of my Mother, Catherine Snavelly. Names of David Hoke's sons and daughters. (Third generation) Elizabeth, Polly, Jacob, John, David, George, Samuel and Jeremiah Hoke.

Elizabeth Hoke married John Dohner. Names of their sons and daughters. (Fourth generation) Henry, Jacob, Lydia and Sarah Dohner.

Henry Dohner married Mary Kreider. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Elias, Catherine, Elizabeth, Rosanna, Amanda, Ida, Fanie and Alice Dohner.

Jacob Dohner married Eliza Hoke. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Hiram, Galen, Ella, Lizzie, Katie, Minie, Sadie, Annie and John Milton.

Lydia Dohner married David Light. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Ella, Kate, Annie, Amy and John Light.

Sarah Dohner married John Royer. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Phares, Lizzie, John, Lydia, Sarah, Mary, Samuel and Bessie Royer.

Close of Elizabeth Hoke Dohner's generation.

## **GREAT GRANDFATHER'S 3RD GENERATION CONTINUED**

Polly Mary Hoke married Moses Becker. Names of their children. (Fourth generation) Catharine and Elizabeth Becker.

Catharine Becker married Gust Leshner. No children.

Elizabeth Becker married Simon Swope. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Emmie, Mary and Sarah Swope.

Close of Polly M. Hoke Beckers Generation

## **GREAT GRAND FATHER'S 3RD GENERATION**

Jacob Hoke married Sarah Killian. Names of their sons and daughters. (Fourth generation) Jacob, Ammon, Joseph, Henry, Elmina, Katie and Annie Hoke.

Jacob Hoke married Katie Disinger. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Robert, Raymond and Etna Hoke.

Ammon Hoke married Louisa Griner. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Herman, Ida, Rueben and Florence Hoke.

Joseph Hoke married Ida Herchelhode. No children. Second wife, Mary Merckly. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Paul, Ralph and Joseph Hoke.

Henry Hoke married Katie Smith. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Sadie and Howard Hoke.

DEAD—Elmina Hoke married Mr. Daniel Martin. Name of their child. (Fifth generation) Elmina Martin.

Katie Hoke married Alvin Ibach. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Verna and Bertha Ibach.

Annie Hoke married John Steckbeck. Name of their child. (Fifth generation) Warren Steckbeck.

Close of Jacob Hoke's Generation

## **GREAT GRANDFATHER GEORGE HOKE'S 3RD GENERATION**

John Hoke married Elizabeth Wolf. Names of their children. (Fourth generation) Katie, Seth, David, Franklin and Elizabeth Hoke.

Katie Hoke married Henry Schalley. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Aaron, Ellsworth, Lillie and Katie Schalley.

Seth Hoke married Katie Dohner, First wife. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Sallie, Oscar, Bertha, Effie, Jeremiah and Catharine Hoke.

Seth Hoke married Cassie Miller, Second wife. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Moses, Lizzie, Rubie and Ruth Hoke.

David Hoke married Lucy Rhodes. Names of their children.

(Fifth generation) Hannah, Lizzie, Aaron, Rosie, Ella, Lucy, Mattie Hoke.

(Sixth generation) Hannah Hoke married John Zinn. Name of their child. ?

(Sixth generation) Lizzie Hoke married Isaac Blesterer. No children.

Franklin Hoke married Rosea Risser. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Rufus, Harry, Vergie, Miles.

Lizzie Hoke married Henry Heineca. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Benjamin, Katie, Henry, David, Dewey.

Close of John Hoke's Generation

### **GREAT GRANDFATHER GEORGE HOKE'S 3RD GENERATION CONTINUED**

David Hoke married Sarah Ruhl. Names of their children.  
(Fourth generation) Ephraim and Cyrus Hoke.

Ephraim Hoke married Rosana Shott. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Clement, Mason and Etna C. Hoke.

Clement Hoke married Leah Bombarger. No children.

Mason Hoke married Rebecca Louser. Name of their child.  
(Sixth generation) William Hoke.

Etna Hoke married Harry Light.

Cyrus Hoke married Catharine Dohner. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Sarah, David, Maria and Nathaniel Hoke.

Sarah Hoke married Allen Gibbel. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Ada, Etna, Ammon and Moris Gibbel.

David Hoke married Clara Smith. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Lillie, David, Paul and Ruth Hoke.

Maria Hoke married John Ruhl. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Annie, Sarah, Mable, Katie, Edward and Paul Ruhl.

(Sixth generation) Name of Maria's oldest daughter, Lillie Hoke.

Nathaniel Hoke married Katie Bomberger. Names of their children. (Sixth generation) Eden, Esther, Catherine and Aaron Hoke.

Close of David Hoke's Generation

### **GREAT GRANDFATHER GEORGE HOKE'S 3RD GENERATION CONTINUED**

George Hoke married Hannah Killiam. Names of their children.  
(Fourth generation) Oliver, Uriah, Jacob, Maria, Hannah and Fannie Hoke.

Oliver Hoke married Amanda Schalley. Names of their children (Fifth generation) Oliver, Jacob and Henry Hoke.

Oliver Hoke married Mary Maiuser. Names of their children. (Sixth generation) Oliver, George and Amanda Hoke.

Oliver's son, Jacob Hoke married Sarah Somback. Names of their children. (Sixth generation) Name of their child. Sarah E. Hoke.

George's son, Uriah Hoke, married Lizzie Leibig. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Sarah, Arthur, Verg, Stella and John G. Hoke.

George's son, Jacob Hoke, married Josephine Louser. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Lillie, Maggie and Ida Hoke.

Maria Hoke married Jacob Lighty. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Gertie, Irvin Lighty.

Gertie married Harry Shearer. Name of their child, Herman Shearer.

Hannah Hoke married Samuel Kreider. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Harvey, Sadie and Paul Kreider.

Fannie Hoke married John Hitz. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Hannah, Katie, Carie and John Hitz.

Close of George Hoke's Generation

## **GREAT GRANDFATHER GEORGE HOKE'S GENERATION CONTINUED**

(Third generation) Samuel Hoke, DEAD. (Unmarried)

(Third generation) Jeremiah Hoke married Mary Dohner. Names of their children. (Fourth generation) Samuel, Clara, Aaron, Levi, Katie, David, Elias and George Hoke.

Samuel Hoke married Martha Hocker. Names of their sons and daughters. (Fifth generation) Lydia, Elmer, John, Harvey and Ivy Hoke.

Lydia Hoke married Elmer Hoover. Names of their children. (Sixth generation) Irvin and Clarence Hoover.

Elmer Hoke married Lizzie Sollenberger. Names of their children. (Sixth generation) Lawrence Hoke.

Clara Hoke married David Cassel. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Mary, Dora and Jesse Cassel.

Aaron Hoke married Mary Bucher. Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Harry, Annie, Emmie, Jeremiah, Ada and Clara Hoke.

Levi Hoke married Annie Hocker. Names of their children.

(Fifth generation) Ambrose, Albert, Mazy, Elsie, Letitia and Alice Hoke.

Katie Hoke married Harvey Miller. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Ada Miller.

Amanda Hoke married Marion Hoover. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Clayton, Alice, Eva, Jesse, Lela and Emery Hoover.

David Hoke married Angeline Dohner. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Carie, Etna and Trevia Hoke.

Elias Hoke married Sallie Heckman. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Perry and Chester Hoke.

George Hoke married Libbie Hess. Names of their children.  
(Fifth generation) Elmina Hoke.

#### Close of Jeremiah Hoke's Generation

John Hoke married Elizabeth Wolf. (Fourth generation) Names of their children. (Fifth generation) Katie, Seth, David, Franklin and Elizabeth Hoke.

(Fifth generation) Katie Hoke married Henry Shally. Names of their children. (Sixth generation) Aaron, Ellsworth, Lillie and Katie Shally.

(Sixth generation) Aaron Shally married Hattie Dryer. Names of their children. (Seventh generation) Alvin and Erma Shally.

(Sixth generation) Ellsworth Shally married Carie Vice. Names of their children. (Seventh generation) Jewell and Sylvia Shally. Wife and children dead.

(Sixth generation) Ellsworth Shally married Adie Sprague, second wife. No children.

(Sixth generation) Lillie Shally married John Shoemaker. Names of their children. (Seventh generation) Mable, Charlie and Jennie Shoemaker.

(Sixth generation) Katie Shally married Benjamin Ray. (Seventh generation) Name of their child, Myrtle Ray. —Divorced from Benjamin Ray.

(Sixth generation) Katie Shally married George DeBruler, second husband. Names of their children. (Seventh generation) Eva and Esta DeBruler.

(The record above is reproduced as nearly as possible like the originals of Jeremiah S. Hoke in his own neat handwriting contained in two documents.)

## ANCESTRAL LINE OF JEREMIAH S. HOKE

(First To Fourth Generations)

### FIRST GENERATION

#### GEORGE HOKE

Date of birth unknown.

Place of birth presumably Zweibrücken, Germany.

Married to a Schwartz.

Children:

George (other children unknown to us)

### SECOND GENERATION

#### GEORGE HOKE

Date of birth unknown.

Place of birth presumably Lancaster County (now Lebanon County) Pennsylvania.

Married Christina Zinn.

Children:

George, David, Jacob, Michael (other children unknown but it is reported to us that there were seven children, probably three daughters, names unknown to us.)

### THIRD GENERATION

#### DAVID HOKE

Date of birth unknown.

Place of birth presumably Lebanon County, Pennsylvania.

Married to Catharine Snavelly.

Children:

Elizabeth, Polly, Jacob, John, David, George, Samuel, Jeremiah.

### FOURTH GENERATION

#### JEREMIAH S. HOKE

Born August 15, 1834.

Died March 11, 1907.

Married Mary Elizabeth Dohner.

Born June 17, 1834.

Died February 22, 1925.

Children:

Samuel, Clara, Aaron, Mary Ann, Lydia Ellen, Jeremiah, Levi, Anna Mary, Catharine, Amanda, David, Elias, Alice Jane, George.

## DOHNER GENEALOGY

Showing the lineage of our Mother, Mary Dohner Hoke.

### FIRST GENERATION

#### MICHAEL DOWNER

Date and place of birth unknown, presumably Germany or Switzerland.

Wife—Magdalena.

Children:

John Sr. married Anna Landis (our ancestors)

Abraham married Magdalena (last name unknown) with whom he had nine children whose descendants now live mostly in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania and in Northern Ohio,

Anna married Daniel Brubaker.

Maria married John Brubaker.

### SECOND GENERATION

JOHN SR, born 1726.

Place of birth unknown, presumably Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Married Anna Landis.

Children:

Barbara, B. 1753—M. Martin Heiskey.

Maria, B. 1755—M. John Light.

Jacob Jr., B. 1759—M. Elizabeth Bosler. Had 7 children. (Decendants include Bert Dohner of Dayton and the Seth Hoke family.)

Anna, B. 1761—M. John Yordy. (No children.)

John Jr., B. 1762—M. Anna Brackbill (they moved to Canada and we have no further record.)

Henry, B. 1764—M. Barbara Kreider.

Abraham, B. 1769—Died 1789, unmarried.

Catherine, B. 1771—M. Mr. Kreider.

Christian, B. 1773—Died 1793, unmarried.

Joseph Sr., B. 1774—M. Anna Kreider (our ancestors)

### THIRD GENERATION

JOSEPH SR. born 1774.

Married Anna Kreider.

Children:

Susan, B. 1792—Died unmarried.

John, B. 1794—M. Elizabeth Long (the great grandparents of H. H. Dohner, the historian who furnished this genealogy.)

Joseph Jr., B. 1796—M. Maria Kreider.

Mary Elizabeth, B. 1797—M. John Hoover.

Susanah, B. 1798—M. Christian Moyer (second husband, Mr. Kohler) 3 children by first marriage, none by second.

Christian, B. 1802—M. Catharine Light (family largely in Northern Indiana)

Jacob, B. 1806—M. Barbara Brandt.

Moses, B. 1808—M. Catherine Hoover (our ancestors)

Catherine, B. 1810—M. Christian Burkholder, had 8 children. Decendants mostly in Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth, B. 1812—M. David Dohner (a son of Joseph Srs., brother Henry) had 2 children.

Lydia, B. 1814—M. John Reid-er, had 3 children.

### FOURTH GENERATION

MOSES born May 29, 1808—Died June 4, 1850.

Married Catherine Hoover, B. 1915—D. Feb. 15, 1887 at Lebanon, Penn.

Children:

Mary, B. 1834—M. Jeremiah S. Hoke, had 14 children. (See complete genealogy following.)

Joseph, B. 1835—M. Caroline Hostetter.

Lydia, B. 1838—Died unmarried.

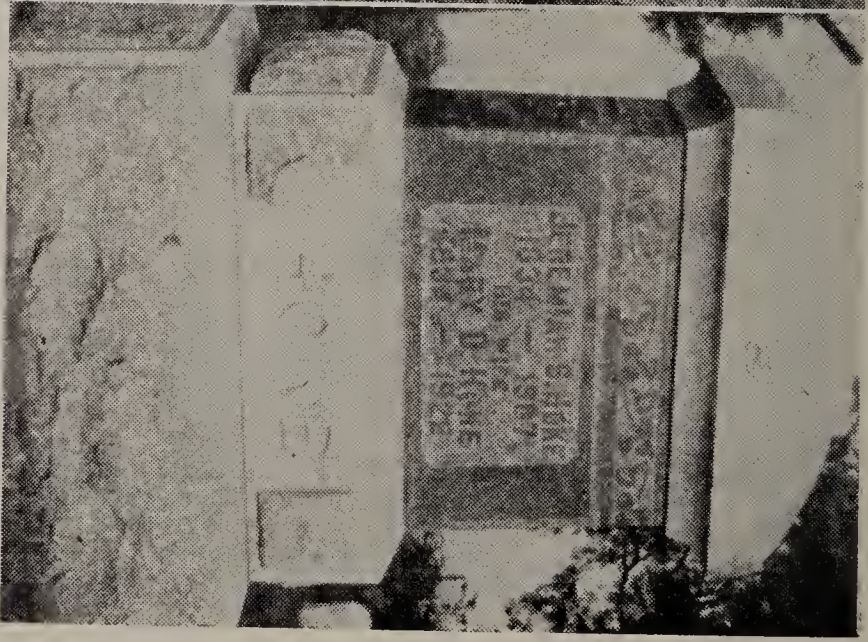
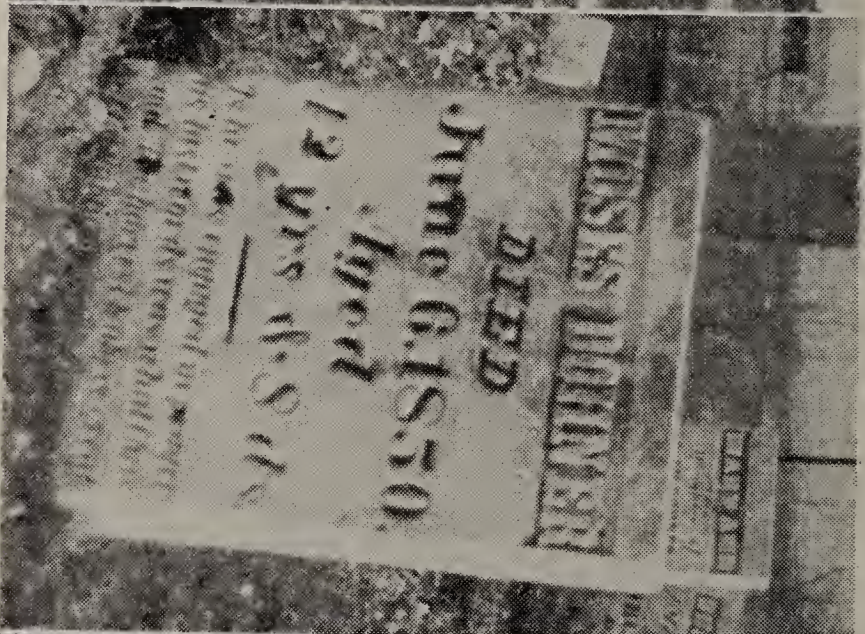
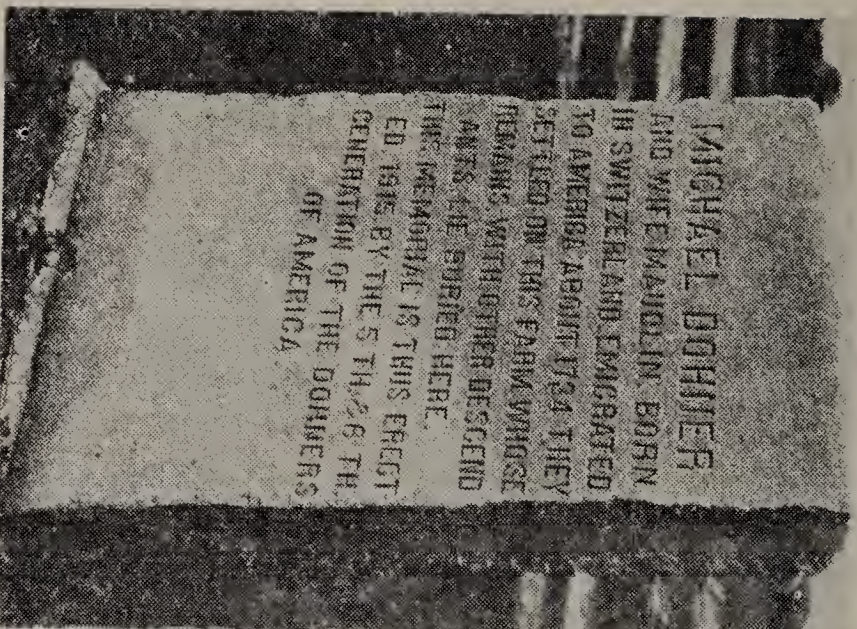
Noah, B. 1839—Died unmarried.

Anna, B. 1842—M. Zachens Hichman (died) M. Adam Hitz.

Moses Jr., B. 1844—Died unmarried.

Christian, B. 1846—no record of family.

Michael, B. 1849—no record of family.



GRAVE STONES OF OUR ANCESTORS  
 1. Michael Dohner in Lancaster County, Pa. 2. Moses Dohner and 3. Jeremiah S. Hoke in Highland Cemetery near West Milton, Ohio.

**DESCENDANTS OF JEREMIAH S. AND MARY DOHNER HOKE  
FIFTH GENERATION**

**NO. 1**

Samuel Henry Hoke,  
Born March 13, 1855.  
Died Nov. 18, 1926.  
Married Martha Hocker,  
Born May 7, 1861.  
Died Dec. 28, 1944.  
Children: Lydia E., Elmer, John  
O., Harvey W. & Iva P.  
Church: Brethren in Christ.

**NO. 2**

Clara Hoke Cassel,  
Born Oct. 3, 1856.  
Died Oct. 6, 1933.  
Married David E. Cassel,  
Born April 6, 1855.  
Died Jan. 24, 1938.  
Children: Mary J., Dora E., &  
Jesse C.  
Church: Brethren in Christ.

**NO. 3**

Aaron D. Hoke,  
Born Dec. 19, 1857.  
Died June 20, 1921.  
Married Mary Booher,  
Born May 1, 1861.  
Died May 7, 1945.  
Children: Harry, Anna, Emma,  
Ada, Jeremiah W. & Clara.  
Church: United Missionary.

**NO. 4**

Mary Ann Hoke,  
Born Feb. 27, 1859.  
Died Aug. 22, 1862.

**NO. 5**

Lydia Ellen Hoke,  
Born Nov. 15, 1860.  
Died Nov. 19, 1870.

**NO. 6**

Jeremiah Hoke.  
Born June 2, 1862.  
Died Aug. 30, 1870.

**NO. 7**

Levi S. Hoke,  
Born Dec. 25, 1863.  
Died Feb. 24, 1933.  
Married Anna Hocker,  
Born Jan. 28, 1865.  
Died Jan. 30, 1918.  
Children: Ambrose, Mazy, Albert  
Elsie, Alice & Letitia.  
Married Catherine Brumbaugh.  
Church: Brethren in Christ.

**NO. 8**

Anna Mary Hoke,  
Born Aug. 15, 1865.  
Died Sept. 19, 1866.

**NO. 9**

Catharine Hoke Miller,  
Born March 19, 1867.  
Died May 6, 1948.  
Married Harvey Miller,  
Born Apr. 20, 1862.  
Died May 6, 1933.  
Children: Ada May Bartley.  
Church: Brethren in Christ.

**NO. 10**

Amanda Hoke Hoover,  
Born Jan. 1, 1869.  
Died July 12, 1944.  
Married Marion Hoover,  
Born Dec. 28, 1869.  
Children: Clayton, Alice Eva,  
Jesse, Emery, Gainor, Walter,  
Lela Fern & Florence.  
Church: Brethren in Christ.

**NO. 11**

David E. Hoke,  
Born Feb. 12, 1871.  
Died Aug. 2, 1939.  
Married Angeline Dohner,  
Born Oct. 5, 1872.  
Children: Carrie, Edna, Treva,  
Mary, David & Esther.  
Church: Church of the Brethren.

**NO. 12**

Elias M. Hoke,  
 Born Aug. 11, 1872.  
 Died May 11, 1947.  
 Married Sallie Heckman,  
 Children: Perry, Grace & Ches-  
 ter.  
 Church: Weimer.

**NO. 13**

Alice Jane Hoke,  
 Born Oct. 4, 1874.  
 Died Dec. 28, 1880.

**NO. 14**

George Washington Hoke,  
 Born Oct. 15, 1876.  
 Married Mary Elizabeth Hess,  
 Born Feb. 8, 1876.  
 Children: Mina, Nora May,  
 Gracie, Bessie, Gladys & Georg-  
 ana.  
 Church: Church of the Brethren.

**SIXTH GENERATION****NO. 15**

Lydia Ellen Hoover (1)  
 Born Oct. 7, 1879.  
 Married Elmer Hoover,  
 Children: Irvin, Clarence, Mary,  
 Samuel, Jesse, Martha, Howard,  
 David, Ezra, Rachel, Naomi Mae  
 and Ruth Evelyn.

**NO. 16**

Elmer Hoke, (1)  
 Born March 22, 1882.  
 Married Lizzie Sollenberger,  
 Children: Lawrence.

**NO. 17**

John Ohmer Hoke, (1)  
 Born July 3, 1884.  
 Married Belva Brown,  
 Children: William.

**NO. 18**

Harvey Wilbur Hoke, (1)  
 Born April 30, 1889.  
 Married Elizabeth Brenaman.  
 Children: Paul Wilbur.

**NO. 19**

Iva Pearl Hoke Fritz, (1)  
 Born Dec. 3, 1892.  
 Married Ray Fritz.  
 Children: Esther and Everette.

**NO. 20**

Mary Cassel Freeze, (2)  
 Born Sept. 2, 1879.  
 Married Robert Freeze.  
 Children: Raymond and Paul-  
 ine.

**NO. 21**

Dora Cassel Davis, (2)  
 Born Apr. 20, 1883.  
 Married Ellis Davis.  
 Children: Jeanette Lucile.

**NO. 22**

Jesse Cassel, (2)  
 Born March 28, 1889.  
 Married Anna Moist.  
 Children: Marjorie, Clarabel &  
 Jean Calvin.

**NO. 23**

Harry Hoke, (3)  
 Born Nov. 5, 1882.  
 Married Ida Mae Walters,  
 Died May 22, 1949.  
 Children: Mary Esther, Frances  
 Victoria, Samuel Aaron, Ruth  
 Evelyn and Naomi Virginia.

**NO. 24**

Anna Mary Hoke Cox, (3)  
 Born Nov. 8, 1884.  
 Married to Alpheus A. Cox,  
 Died Dec. 25, 1942.  
 Children: Earl W., Helen, Ray-  
 mond, Albert, Dorothy & Mary  
 Emma.

**NO. 25**

Emma Beulah Hoke Baldwin, (3)  
 Born Sept. 19, 1886.  
 Married to Ira F. Baldwin.  
 Children: Lenora, Opal & Opal  
 Dale Gantz.

NO. 26

Ada Hoke Steele, (3)  
Born Jan. 6, 1891.  
Married to Harry F. Steele.  
Children: Howard Hoke, Arthur Edward, Harold Eugene, Harley Franklin, Alma Louise, Junior A. Thelma Mae & Wilbert Russell.

NO. 27

Jeremiah Walter Hoke, (3)  
Born Oct. 22, 1889.  
Married to Rhoda Murle Crist.  
Children: Roberta Elizabeth, Walter Michael, Joseph Dean, Merle Crist, Christina Alice & Barbara Catherine.

NO. 28

Clara V. Hoke Huffman, (3)  
Born Jan. 24, 1895.  
Married to Russell Huffman.  
Died Dec. 27, 1930.  
Children: Mildred E., Miriam D., Reva Mae, Ruby M., Edsel Ward & Kenneth.

NO. 29

Ambrose J. Hoke, (7)  
Born Jan. 13, 1886.  
Died July 1, 1950.  
Married to Clara Knife.  
Children: Paul K., Samuel A. & George M.

NO. 30

Mazy Edna Hoke Thomas, (7)  
Born Dec. 2, 1888.  
Married John William Thomas.  
Children: Esther Irene, Everett Levi, Albert William & Mervin H.

NO. 31

Albert M. Hoke, (7)  
Born March 3, 1887.  
Married Mazy E. Kniesly.  
Children: Vesta E., Howard K., Ralph E., Dale R., Erma A., Daniel D., Doris C., Albert, Jr., Amor D., & Sharon D.

NO. 32

Anna Elsie Hoke Rohrer, (7)  
Born Nov. 7, 1890.  
Married Albert M. Rohrer.  
Children: Harold Emerson, Dorcas Rozella, Paul Myron, Levi Albert, Anna Mae, Donald Eugene, Rachel Esther & Marjorie Ruth.

NO. 32a

Letitia Hoke, (7)  
Born April 19, 1898.  
Died Feb. 25, 1911.

NO. 32b

Mary Alice Hoke, (7)  
Born June 25, 1900.  
Died Feb. 27, 1911.

NO. 33

Ada Miller Bartley, (9)  
Born Aug. 19, 1889.  
Married Ira A. Bartley.  
Children: Margaret Catherine, Opal Irene & Jane Frances.

NO. 34

Clayton B. Hoover, (10)  
Born Nov. 4, 1893.  
Married Alma Beaver.  
Children: Marion J., Delbert R., Elsie M. & Esther M.

NO. 35

Alice Mae Hoover Maggert, (10)  
Born June 30, 1895.  
Married Forest I. Maggert.  
Children: Floyd M., Violet R., Bertha E., Rosetta A., Glen, Everett, Grace, Verda, Arthur, Emmitt & Eunice.

NO. 36

Eva Leola Hoover Climenhaga, (10)  
Born March 22, 1897.  
Married Marion S. Climenhaga.  
Children: Doris Eva, Maynard Marion, Lois Marilyn, Eleanor Fern & Pauline Ruth.

NO. 37

Lela Fern Hoover Heisey, (10)  
Born Nov. 10, 1900.  
Married Henry P. Heisey.  
Children: Ruth Miriam, Henry  
Orville, David Ray & Marion  
Jacob.

NO. 38

Jesse B. Hoover, (10)  
Born Jan. 28, 1899.  
Married Lucie M. Darkwood.  
Died March 10, 1947.  
Children: Russell H., Raymond  
A. & Merlin W.  
Married Vivian Henderson.  
Children: Sue Ellen.

NO. 39

Emery David Hoover, (10)  
Born May 28, 1902.  
Married Marie Eversole,  
Children: Harold, Paul & Dale.

NO. 40

Gainor Hoke Hoover, (10)  
Born May 5, 1904.  
Married Ethel Louise Dixon.  
Children: Ralph Emery.

NO. 41

Walter Marion Hoover, (10)  
Born Jan. 1, 1906.  
Married Emma Brosius.

NO. 42

Florence Mary Hoover Brubaker,  
(10)  
Born Dec. 6, 1913.  
Married John Mark Brubaker  
Children: Barbara Jean, Sara  
Lou & Mary Kathryn.

NO. 43

Carrie Hoke Minnich, (11)  
Born Feb. 9, 1897.  
Married Harold Minnich.  
Children: Irene, Kenneth H. &  
Dale Eugene.

NO. 44

Treva Elnora Hoke Brumbaugh,  
(11)  
Born June 30, 1901.  
Married Arthur J. Brumbaugh.  
Children: David L., Paul E.,  
Mary A. & Miriam L.

NO. 45

Hannah Mary Hoke Kauffman,  
(11)  
Born Apr. 9, 1904.  
Married Harold Kauffman.  
Children: Waneta Faye, Howard  
Lee, Janet Louise & Helen  
Louise.

NO. 46

David Hoke, Jr., (11)  
Born July 28, 1909.  
Married Frances Wackler.  
Children: Beverly Ann & David  
Eugene.

NO. 47

Esther Hoke Miller, (11)  
Born Dec. 14, 1914.  
Married Harmon Miller.  
Children: Delores & Barbara  
Ann.

NO. 47a

Edna Hoke, (11)  
Born Aug. 13, 1899.  
Died Jan. 19, 1947.

NO. 48

Perry Samuel Hoke, (12)  
Born Nov. 24, 1895.  
Married Satia Flowers.  
Died Feb. 19, 1923.  
Children: Carl Foster & Earl  
Kenneth.  
Married Treva Karns.  
Children: Bobby Jean, Rita  
Eileen, James Delbert & Edwin  
Samuel.

NO. 49

Gracie Hoke Poland, (12)  
Born Mar. 17, 1906.  
Married Geo. Poland.  
Children: Kenneth Oscar.

NO. 50

Chester J. Hoke, (12)  
Born Jan. 15, 1903.  
Married Elizabeth E. Millhouse.  
Children: Chester, Jr., Violet M.,  
Viola J. & Richard V.

## NO. 51

Mina Hoke Buckingham, (14)  
Born Feb. 23, 1896.  
Died July 2, 1945.  
Married Ed Buckingham.  
Children: Mary Elizabeth, Ruth Irene, Kathleen Lucille, Sylvan, Dorothy P. & Helen M.

## NO. 52

Gladys Irene Hoke Furlong, (14)  
Born Oct. 5, 1903.  
Married Paul Furlong.  
Children: Evelyn, Mary Esther, Betty Jean & George Delbert.

## NO. 53

Georgana Hoke Hampton, (14)  
Born Feb. 20, 1909.  
Married Theodora Hampton.

## SEVENTH GENERATION

### NO. 54

Irvin Hoover, (15)  
Born Aug. 13, 1899.  
Married Martha Stump.  
Children: David Ray, Daniel, Herbert, Charlotte & Carolyn.

### NO. 55

Clarence Moses Hoover, (15)  
Born May 29, 1901.  
Married Josephine M. Welty.  
Children: Rhoda M., Mark Eber, Amos Matthew & Isabel May.

### NO. 56

Mary Alice Hoover Kniesly, (15)  
Born Aug. 15, 1903.  
Married Harold Kniesly.  
Children: Pauline Ruth, Mildred Irene & Carl Eugene.

### NO. 57

Samuel George Hoover, (15)  
Born March 21, 1906.  
Married Eva Dohner.  
Children: Anna Marie, Albert, John & Philip.

### NO. 58

Jesse Wilbert Hoover, (15)  
Born July 7, 1908.  
Married Esther Stump.  
Children: Vernon Ezra.

### NO. 59

Martha Grace Hoover, (15)  
Born Aug. 9, 1911.

### NO. 60

Howard Ralph Hoover, (15)  
Born Sept. 18, 1913.  
Married Calora Loughman.  
Children: Jefferson Clarence: William Lee.

### NO. 61

David Esta Hoover, (15)  
Born Aug. 29, 1916.  
Married Sara Martin.  
Children: David Esta, Jr., Larry R. & Marjorie Lynn.

### NO. 62

Ezra Paul Hoover, (15)  
Born April 10, 1921.  
Died March 1, 1944.  
Married Anna Herr.

### NO. 63

Rachel May Hoover Book, (15)  
Born May 1, 1924.  
Married Paul Book.  
Children: Kenneth.

### NO. 64

Naomi Mae Hoover, (15)  
Born Aug. 10, 1915.  
Died Aug. 11, 1915.

### NO. 65

Ruth Evelyn Hoover, (15)  
Born Aug. 10, 1915.  
Died Aug. 26, 1915.

### NO. 66

Lawrence Hoke, (16)  
Born Dec. 13, 1900.  
Married Esther Brinkman.  
Children: Howard & Ernest.

### NO. 67

William R. Hoke, (17)  
Born April 9, 1917.  
Married Mary S. Hess.  
Children: Anita Fay, Carlton Eugene & Kenneth Olan.

# NO. 68

Paul Wilbur Hoke, (18)  
Born March 6, 1924.  
Married Eleanor Gaugler.  
Children: Mary Lou & Paul  
Rodney.

# NO. 69

Esther Pauline Fritz Sellers, (19)  
Born Nov. 8, 1911.  
Married Chester Sellers.  
Children: Barbara Ann.

# NO. 70

Everette F. Fritz, (19)  
Born Oct. 26, 1913.  
Married Leona Jackson.  
Children: Donald E., Mary Lou  
& Linda Sue.

# NO. 71

Raymond D. Freeze, (20)  
Born Jan. 21, 1912.  
Married Mildred Beeghly.  
Children: Maxine Joyce, Elaine  
Elizabeth & Robert Dean.

# NO. 72

Pauline Freeze Randall, (20)  
Born Feb. 28, 1921.  
Married Rodney Randall.  
Children: Larry Douglas.

# NO. 73

Jeanette Lucile Davis Engle, (21)  
Born Aug. 28, 1913.  
Married Jacob Eli Engle.  
Children: Althea Ruth, Ivan  
Davis, Darrell Alton & Ellyce  
Jean.

# NO. 74

Majorie Cassel Niesley, (22)  
Born July 15, 1914.  
Married Raymond Niesley.  
Children: Constance Ann, Donna  
Jean & Ronald David.

# NO. 75

Clarabel Cassel Boyce, (22)  
Born Jan. 14, 1921.  
Married Arnold Boyce.  
Children: Steven & Gayle Marie.

# NO. 76

Jean Calvin Cassel, (22)  
Born March 5, 1926.  
Married Nancy Lou Tice.

# NO. 77

Mary Esther Hoke, (23)  
Born Oct. 29, 1906.

# NO. 78

Frances Victoria Hoke Doenges,  
(23)  
Born Dec. 16, 1907.  
Married William F. Doenges.  
Children: John William, Naomi  
Ruth, James David, Stephen  
Hoke.

# NO. 79

Samuel Aaron Hoke, (23)  
Born June 3, 1910.  
Married to Esther Ummel.  
Children: Paul Leron, Wayne  
Mark, Eunice Marie, Lois Wilma.

# NO. 80

Ruth Evelyn Hoke House, (23)  
Born March 26, 1915.  
Married Harold O. House.  
Children: Rachel Ann & Harold  
O., Jr.

# NO. 81

Naomi Virginia Hoke, (23)  
Born Aug. 8, 1918.

# NO. 82

Earl W. Cox, (24)  
Born June 3, 1907.  
Married Margaret Meyers.  
Children: Elizabeth Jane, David  
Earl, Dorcas Jean, Audrey Louise  
& Paul Edward.

# NO. 83

Helen Cox, (24)  
Born Oct. 13, 1909.

# NO. 84

Raymond Cox, (24)  
Born May 13, 1912.  
Married Mary Kendig.  
Children: Pamala.

# NO. 85

Albert Cox, (24)  
Born July 14, 1916.  
Married Annice May.  
Children: James Albert.

# NO. 86

Dorothy Cox, (24)  
Born Feb. 8, 1923.

# NO. 87

Mary Emma Cox, (24)  
Born July 8, 1928.

# NO. 88

Lenora Baldwin Biggs, (25)  
Born March 26, 1909.  
Married Edward Biggs.  
Children: Marilyn & Norman.

# NO. 89

Opal Baldwin Plunket, (25)  
Born Jan. 5, 1913.  
Married Garland Plunket.  
Died Oct. 20, 1949.  
Children: Marlene, Milton Lee & John Sidney.

# NO. 90

Opal Dale Gantz Baldwin Johnson, (25)  
Born Feb. 24, 1924.  
Married George Johnson.  
Children: Patricia Ann.

# NO. 91

Howard Hoke Steele, (26)  
Born Apr. 25, 1914.  
Married Marie Riffel.  
Children: Gerald E.

# NO. 92

Arthur Edward Steele, (26)  
Born Oct. 8, 1916.  
Married Alice Louise Ferryman.  
Children: Donna Louise and David Edward.

# NO. 93

Harold Eugene Steele, (26)  
Born July 14, 1918.  
Married Esther Riffel.  
Children: Phillip L., Ellen A. & Ray Edward.

# NO. 94

Harley F. Steele, (26)  
Born July 6, 1919.  
Married Margaret Hinkle.  
Children: Ruth M. & Paul S.

# NO. 95

Alma L. Steele Gracy, (26)  
Born Jan. 6, 1921.  
Married Dail W. Gracy.

# NO. 96

Junior A. Steele, (26)  
Born Aug. 21, 1922.  
Married Martha Jean Hinkle.  
Children: Naomi Irene, Daniel, Joseph Edward.

# NO. 97

Thelma Mae Steele, (26)  
Born Oct. 7, 1923.

# NO. 98

Wilbert R. Steele, (26)  
Born July 5, 1928.  
Married Jessie Setty.  
Children: Russell E. & Donald Dean.

# NO. 99

Roberta Elizabeth Hoke Artz, (27)  
Born May 24, 1914.  
Married Bernard Eugene Artz.  
Children: David Eugene, Virginia Elizabeth, Donald Elwood, Norman Edgar, Daniel Elbert & Rhodora Esther.

# NO. 100

Walter Michael Hoke, (27)  
Born March 31, 1918.  
Married Sarah Ellen Strome.  
Children: Jerry Michael & James Edward.

# NO. 101

Joseph Dean Hoke, (27)  
Born Sept. 28, 1922.  
Married Dawn Soltis.  
Children: Dean Edward.

# NO. 102

Merle Crist Hoke, (27)  
Born Feb. 5, 1925.  
Married Phyllis Jean Demmitt  
Children: Larry Merle, Gary Lee & Stephen Craig.

# NO. 103

Christina Alice Hoke, (27)  
Born June 20, 1934.

# NO. 104

Barbara Catherine Hoke, (27)  
Born Jan. 8, 1938.

## NO. 105

Mildred Ellen Huffman Blackburn, (28)

Born May, 18, 1920.

Married Richard Blackburn.

Children: Neal Huffman

## NO. 106

Reva Mae Huffman Batdorf, (28)

Born Aug. 8, 1923.

Married Victor C. Batdorf.

Children: Rita Marie, Van Carl & Charlene Ann.

## NO. 107

Ruby Marciele Huffman Hambrick, (28)

Born July 19, 1925.

Married Claude Hambrick.

## NO. 108

Edsel Ward Huffman, (28)

Born April 29, 1927.

Married Mary Moorman.

## NO. 109

Kenneth Gene Huffman, (28)

Born June 6, 1929.

Died July 24, 1929.

## NO. 110

Paul K. Hoke, (29)

Born June 4, 1907.

Died Feb. 22, 1909.

## NO. 111

Samuel A. Hoke, (29)

Born Sept. 6, 1910.

Married Janis Chamberlain.

Both killed in airplane crash, Aug. 1951.

Children: Carol Ann, Samuel A., David R. & Timothy.

## NO. 112

George M. Hoke, (29)

Born March 6, 1919.

Married Charlotte McKee.

Children: William George and Beth Ann.

## NO. 113

Esther Irene Thomas Metzger, (30)

Born Dec. 8, 1908.

Married Lloyd Samuel Metzger.

Children: Dennis Orlin, Mary Alice & Ruth Ellen.

## NO. 114

Everett Levi Thomas, (30)

Born Sept. 13, 1910.

Married Anna Mae Boone.

Children: Betty Carolyn, Robert Lee, Virginia Ellen, Charles Everett & Marie Ann.

## NO. 115

Vesta Elizabeth Hoke Paulus, (31)

Born Jan. 16, 1910.

Married Raymond H. Paulus.

Children: Melvin Ray, Millard Leo, Norman Albert, Berlin Keith, Earnest Dwain, David Edward, Denver Eugene, Zelma Mae, Wilmer J., Arlene Naomi & Eilene Ruth.

## NO. 116

Howard K. Hoke, (31)

Born Sept. 4, 1911.

Married Martha Smith.

Children: Esther L., Eldon L., Noel Wayne & Myrna F.

## NO. 117

Ralph E. Hoke, (31)

Born Nov. 18, 1913.

Married Joanna Stump.

Children: Stanley Ralph, Merydith Joanne, Anita Louise & Keith Ray.

## NO. 118

Dale R. Hoke, (31)

Born June 24, 1915.

Married Pauline Fifer.

Children: Marilyn Ruth, Dear Richard.

## NO. 119

Erma A. Hoke, (31)

Born Aug. 13, 1918.

## NO. 120

Daniel D. Hoke, (31)

Born Dec. 6, 1919.

Married Helen Logan.

Children: Patty Ann & Coleen Diana.

NO. 121

Doris Hoke Martin, (31)  
Born July, 30 1922,  
Married Vernon Martin.  
Children: Vernon, Jr., Douglas  
Hoke, Doris Gerrene, Susan  
Elaine & Darlene Kay.

NO. 122

Albert Hoke, Jr., (31)  
Born July 29, 1924.  
Married Dorothy Fitzgerald.  
Children: Cheryl Ann, Barry  
Lynn, Shannon Gail, Bruce  
Allen.

NO. 123

Amor D. Hoke, (31)  
Born Sept. 24, 1928.  
Died July 9, 1946.

NO. 124

Sharon D. Hoke, (31)  
Born Feb. 18, 1934.

NO. 125

Harold Emerson Rohrer, (32)  
Born March 3, 1911.  
Died Jan. 22, 1913.

NO. 126

Dorcas Rozella Rohrer, (32)  
Born Oct. 12, 1912.

NO. 127

Paul Myron Rohrer, (32)  
Born Aug. 21, 1914.  
Married Marjorie E. Boyer.  
Children: Marjorie Charlene &  
Larry Wayne.

NO. 128

Levi Albert Rohrer, (32)  
Born Sept. 4, 1916.  
Married Ethel Switzer.  
Children: Nevin Eugene & J.  
Kenneth.

NO. 129

Anna Mae Rohrer Kohler, (32)  
Born March 20, 1919.  
Married John S. Kohler.  
Children: Shirley Ann, Jeanette  
Fay, Barbra Elsie & Rebecca  
Elaine.

NO. 130

Donald Eugene Rohrer, (32)  
Born Sept. 14, 1921.  
Married Vera Meyers.

NO. 131

Rachel Esther Rohrer, (32)  
Born Oct. 9, 1925.

NO. 132

Marjorie Ruth Rohrer.  
Born July 11, 1932.

NO. 133

Margaret Catherine Bartley Guy,  
(33)  
Born June 13, 1913.  
Married Donald E. Guy.  
Children: Donald Edward and  
Dennis Alan.

NO. 134

Opal Irene Bartley Wheat, (33)  
Born Nov. 1, 1918.  
Married Charles P. Wheat.  
Children: Patty Kay, Peggy Jane  
& Paula Sue.

NO. 135

Jane Frances Bartley Babbitt,  
(33)  
Born May 26, 1922.  
Married Orrin C. Babbitt.  
Children: Jane & Fred Allen.

NO. 136

Marion J. Hoover, (34)  
Born Jan. 28, 1917.  
Married Dorothy Heitz.  
Children: Karon Elaine.

NO. 137

Delbert R. Hoover, (34)  
Born May 25, 1919.  
Married Hazel McKurby.  
Children: Raymond L., Joyce  
Ellen & Lois Ann.

NO. 138

Elsie M. Hoover, (34)  
Born April 26, 1924.

NO. 139

Esther M. Hoover Detwiler, (34)  
Born April 26, 1924.  
Married Roy Detwiler.  
Children: Robert Dale.

NO. 140

Flovd M. Maggert, (35)  
Born June 10, 1914.  
Died April, 16, 1915.

NO. 141

Voilet R. Maggert, (35)  
Born July 26, 1915.  
Died July 3, 1940.

NO. 142

Bertha E. Maggert Garwood, (35)  
Born Feb. 6, 1917.  
Married Eugene Garwood.  
Children: Roger, Thomas Everett & Forest Michael.

NO. 143

Rosetta A. Maggert Newman, (35)  
Born April 11, 1918.  
Married Joe Newman.  
Children: Stephen Joe, Timothy, Kurt & Lowell.

NO. 144

Glen Maggert, (35)  
Born Oct. 16, 1920.  
Married Opal Murphy.  
Children: Judd, Jennie, Jan, Jill, Jed & Joel.

NO. 145

Everett Maggert, (35)  
Born Oct. 12, 1921.  
Married Eileen Watrous.  
Children: Philip Larry & Rebekah Faith.

NO. 146

Grace Maggert Sanders, (35)  
Born April 16, 1924.  
Married Gene Sanders.  
Children: Jerry, John, Justin, Jeffery & J. Charles.

NO. 147

Verda Mae Maggert Badgely, (35)  
Born April 8, 1925.  
Married Wm. Badgely.  
Children: Juda Mae, Mildred Jane, Dale Ernest, Shirley & David Lee.

NO. 148

Arthur Maggert, (35)  
Born Sept. 25, 1926.  
Married Frieda Siedel.  
Children: Rickey Arthur, Rose Frieda & Carl Jay.

NO. 149

Emmit Maggert, (35)  
Born Dec. 29, 1929.  
Married Phyllis Mason.

NO. 150

Eunice Maggert Morris, (35)  
Born March 9, 1932.  
Married Wm. Morris.  
Children: Wm. Marion & Charles Richard.

NO. 151

Doris Eva Climenhaga, (36)  
Born Dec. 18, 1933.

NO. 152

Maynard Marion Climenhaga, (36)  
Born March 17, 1935.

NO. 153

Lois Marilynn Climenhaga, (36)  
Born June 6, 1937.

NO. 154

Eleanor Fern Climenhaga, (36)  
Born July 21, 1938.

NO. 155

Pauline Ruth Climenhaga, (36)  
Born July 28, 1940.

NO. 156

Ruth Miriam Heisey, (37)  
Born July 16, 1926.

NO. 157

Henry Orville Heisey, (37)  
Born Nov. 18, 1929.

NO. 158

David Ray Heisey, (37)  
Born Jan. 9, 1932.

NO. 159

Marion J. Heisey, (37)  
Born April 13, 1933.

NO. 160

Russell H. Hoover, (38)  
Born May 19, 1925.  
Married Esther M. Schrock.  
Children: Rose Marie, Anita Rae, David Lowell.

NO. 161

Raymond A. Hoover, (38)  
Born Oct. 19, 1921.  
Married Lura Marie Sherman.  
Children: Larry David & Beth Ann.

## NO. 162

Merlin W. Hoover, (38)  
Born Jan. 1, 1920.  
Married Helen Marie Deihl.  
Children: Philip Merle.

## NO. 163

Sue Ellen Hoover, (38)  
Born Nov. 18, 1950.

## NO. 164

Harold Wm. Hoover, (39)  
Born Nov. 1, 1923.  
Married Jo Ann Pease.  
Children: Richard Emery and  
Robin Elaine.

## NO. 165

Paul Eugene Hoover, (39)  
Born Sept. 28, 1926.  
Married Vera Jean Hott.

## NO. 166

Dale Hoover, (39)  
Born July 2, 1930.  
Married Gloria Ann Rice.  
Children: Douglas Dale.

## NO. 167

Ralph Emery Hoover, (40)  
Born May 4, 1938.

## NO. 168

Barbara Jean Brubaker, (42)  
Born July 10, 1938.

## NO. 169

Sarah Lou Brubaker, (42)  
Born Oct. 17, 1940.

## NO. 170

Mary Kathryn Brubaker, (42)  
Born March 31, 1948.

## NO. 171

Irene Minnich Shoemaker, (43)  
Born May 22, 1922.  
Died Jan 19, 1945.  
Married Warren Shoemaker.

## NO. 172

Kenneth H. Minnich, (43)  
Born Jan. 15, 1926.

## NO. 173

Dale Eugene Minnich, (43)  
Born Sept. 6, 1938.

## NO. 174

David Levi Brumbaugh, (44)  
Born Nov. 8, 1921.  
Married Mary Kathryn Wackler.  
Children: Ronald Lee, Judith  
Ann & David Allan, Jr.

## NO. 175

Paul Eugene Brumbaugh, (44)  
Born June 6, 1923.  
Married Mary Ellen Lavey.  
Children: Jackie Lee, Richard,  
Duaine, Arlene Kay, Marlin  
Eugene & Daniel Ray.

## NO. 176

Mary Anna Brumbaugh Gibbel,  
(44)  
Born Jan. 6, 1925.  
Married Jacob Gibbel, Jr.  
Children: Richard Jacob.

## NO. 177

Miriam L. Brumbaugh Beery,  
(44)  
Born Nov. 14, 1927.  
Married William Beery.  
Children: Mark William.

## NO. 178

Waneta Faye Kauffman Malott,  
(45)  
Born Sept. 6, 1927.  
Married Leon Malott.  
Children: Peggy Yvonne.

## NO. 179

Howard Lee Kauffman, (45)  
Born Feb. 26, 1932.

## NO. 180

Janet Louise Kauffman, (45)  
Born March 27, 1938.

## NO. 181

Helen Louise Kauffman, (45)  
Born March 30, 1943.

## NO. 182

Beverly Ann Hoke, (46)  
Born June 11, 1935.

## NO. 183

David Eugene Hoke, Jr., (46)  
Born April 29, 1940.

## NO. 184

Delores Miller, (47)  
Born Jan. 27, 1935.

NO. 185

Barbara Ann Miller, (47)  
Born Aug. 15, 1936.

NO. 186

Carl Foster Hoke, (48)  
Born May 30, 1916.  
Married Amy Louise DeMotte.  
Children: Carla Kay & David Eugene.

NO. 187

Earl Kenneth Hoke, (48)  
Born Feb. 22, 1918.  
Married Wanda J. Pearson.  
Children: Jerry Carroll & Crystal Ann.

NO. 188

Bobby Gene Hoke, (48)  
Born Dec. 15, 1924.  
Married Doris Mae Goodwin.  
Children: James Michael.

NO. 189

Rita Eileen Hoke Andrews, (48)  
Born Feb. 26, 1927.  
Married Robert Melvin Andrews.  
Children: Beverly Daun and Thomas Melvin.

NO. 190

James Delbert Hoke, (48)  
Born Dec. 17, 1928.  
Married Mary Sue Flaughter.  
Children: Stephen Jay and Rebecca Sue.

NO. 191

Edwin Samuel Hoke, (48)  
Born July 11, 1932.

NO. 192

Kenneth Oscar Poland, (49)  
Born Aug. 22, 1935.

NO. 193

Chester J. Hoke, Jr., (50)  
Born Sept. 27, 1925.  
Married Elizabeth Paton Sheck.  
Children: Jeanette Paton.

NO. 194

Violet M. Hoke, (50)  
Born Feb. 14, 1928.

NO. 195

Viola J. Hoke, (50)  
Born Feb. 14, 1928. Deceased.

NO. 196

Richard V. Hoke, (50)  
Born April 19, 1932.

NO. 197

Mary Elizabeth Buckingham Flory, (51)  
Born Dec. 15, 1913.  
Died July 2, 1936.  
Married Ray Flory.  
Children: Doris Joan & Donald Filmore.

NO. 198

Ruth Irene Buckingham Deeter, (51)  
Born May 5, 1915.  
Married Lester Deeter.  
Children: James Edward.

NO. 199

Sylvan Buckingham, (51)  
Born July 13, 1917. Deceased.

NO. 200

Dorothy P. Buckingham, (51)  
Born Dec. 1, 1919. Deceased.

NO. 201

Helen M. Buckingham, (51)  
Born Dec. 16, 1921. Deceased.

NO. 202

Kathleen Lucille Buckingham Stevenson, (51)  
Born Nov. 6, 1926.  
Married Robert Stevenson.  
Children: Richard Lee, Wendell Keith & Gail Edward.

NO. 203

Evelyn Naomi Furlong Taylor, (52)  
Born Nov. 27, 1921.  
Married Robert E. Taylor.  
Children: Rodney & Barbara Ann.

NO. 204

Mary Esther Furlong Whited, (52)  
Born Oct. 18, 1921.  
Married Richard Whited.  
Children: Richard Leroy, Nancy Carol.

## NO. 205

Betty Jean Furlong Haney, (52)  
 Born Dec. 17, 1925.  
 Married Robert Haney.  
 Children: Sandra Darlene and  
 Jacqueline Deane.

## NO. 206

George Delbert Furlong, (52)  
 Born Sept. 19, 1938.

## EIGHTH GENERATION

## NO. 207

David Ray Hoover, (54)  
 Born June 1, 1921.  
 Married Ruth Hilsher.

## NO. 208

Daniel Leroy Hoover, (54)  
 Born April 27, 1924.  
 Married Marion Cook.  
 Children: Janet Arlene.

## NO. 209

Herbert Joel Hoover, (54)  
 Born April 15, 1929.

## NO. 210

Charlotte Anna Hoover, (54)  
 Born Jan. 12, 1931.

## NO. 211

Carolyn Joyce Hoover, (54)  
 Born Sept. 13, 1940.

## NO. 212

Rhoda Miriam Hoover, (55)  
 Born May 4, 1936.

## NO. 213

Mark Eber Hoover, (55)  
 Born Dec. 4, 1941.

## NO. 214

Amos Matthew Hoover, (55)  
 Born May 1, 1943.

## NO. 215

Isabel May Hoover, (55)  
 Born Nov. 29, 1944.

## NO. 216

Pauline Ruth Kniesly Herr, (56)  
 Born April 4, 1925.  
 Married Harold Herr  
 Children: Rowena Ruthann and  
 Harlan George.

## NO. 217

Mildred Irene Kniesly Brubaker,  
 (56)  
 Born Sept. 27, 1927.  
 Married Abram Hess Brubaker.  
 Children: Verle Alden & Bar-  
 bara Mary.

## NO. 218

Carl Eugene Kniesly, (56)  
 Born May 24, 1930.  
 Married Vivian Seese.

## NO. 219

Anna Marie Hoover, (57)  
 Born Jan. 6, 1934.

## NO. 220

Albert Hoover, (57)  
 Born Oct. 21, 1935.

## NO. 221

John Elmer Hoover, (57)  
 Born July 26, 1939.

## NO. 222

Philip J. Hoover, (57)  
 Born Sept. 10, 1941.

## NO. 223

Vernon Ezra Hoover, (58)  
 Born July 3, 1944.

## NO. 224

Jefferson Clarence Hoover, (60)  
 Born June 28, 1939.

## NO. 225

William Lee Hoover, (60)  
 Born Sept. 25, 1942.

## NO. 226

David Esta Hoover, Jr., (61)  
 Born July 5, 1942.

## NO. 227

Larry R. Hoover, (61)  
 Born March 4, 1944.

## NO. 228

Marjorie Lynn Hoover, (61)  
 Born Feb. 14, 1951.

## NO. 229

Kenneth Eugene Book, (63)  
 Born Nov. 4, 1945.

## NO. 230

Howard Eugene Hoke, (66)  
 Born Aug. 1, 1918.  
 Married Dorothy Eileen Syler.  
 Children: Judith Eileen, Terry  
 Lee & Carol Ann.

NO. 231

Ernest LeRoy Hoke, (66)  
Born Dec. 25, 1919.  
Married Ethelwynne Brown.  
Children: Barbara Elizabeth.

NO. 232

Anita Fay Hoke, (67)  
Born Oct. 1, 1942.

NO. 233

Carlton Eugene Hoke, (67)  
Born Nov. 17, 1947.

NO. 234

Kenneth Olan Hoke, (67)  
Born Nov. 5, 1949.

NO. 235

Mary Louise Hoke, (68)  
Born Aug. 12, 1946.

NO. 236

Paul Rodney Hoke, (68)  
Born Jan. 16, 1948.

NO. 237

Barbara Ann Sellers, (69)  
Born Sept. 14, 1938.

NO. 238

Donald E. Fritz, (70)  
Born June 25, 1932.

NO. 239

Mary Lou Fritz, (70)  
Born Dec. 11, 1934.

NO. 240

Linda Sue Fritz, (70)  
Born June 8, 1947.

NO. 241

Maxine Joyce Freeze, (71)  
Born Jan. 25, 1945.

NO. 242

Elaine Elizabeth Freeze, (71)  
Born Dec. 14, 1948.

NO. 243

Larry Douglas Randall, (72)  
Born Oct. 24, 1949.

NO. 244

Althea Ruth Engle, (73)  
Born Sept. 1, 1941.

NO. 245

Ivan Davis Engle, (73)  
Born Jan. 31, 1944.

NO. 246

Darrell Alton Engle, (73)  
Born Oct. 17, 1946.

NO. 247

Ellyce Jean Engle, (73)  
Born March 2, 1951.

NO. 248

Constance Ann Niesley, (74)  
Born July 6, 1944.

NO. 249

Donna Jean Niesley, (74)  
Born May 23, 1947.

NO. 250

Ronald David Niesley, (74)  
Born Nov. 5, 1951.

NO. 251

Steven Lynn Boyce, (75)  
Born Jan. 22, 1949.

NO. 252

Gayle Marie Boyce, (75)  
Born Feb. 8, 1951.

NO. 253

John William Doenges, (78)  
Born June 8, 1940.

NO. 254

Naomi Ruth Hoke Doenges, (78)  
Born Jan. 4, 1943.

NO. 255

James David Doenges, (78)  
Born Oct. 21, 1945.

NO. 256

Stephen Hoke Doenges, (78)  
Born May 25, 1950.

NO. 257

Paul Leron Hoke, (79)  
Born July 8, 1942.

NO. 258

Wayne Mark Hoke, (79)  
Born April 7, 1944.  
Died June 23, 1944.

NO. 259

Eunice Marie Hoke, (79)  
Born Aug. 16, 1946.

NO. 260

Lois Wilma Hoke, (79)  
Born Feb. 5, 1949.

NO. 261

Rachel Ann House, (80)  
Born June 2, 1943.

NO. 262

Harold O. House, Jr., (80)  
Born Dec. 6, 1944.

NO. 263  
Elizabeth Jane Cox, (82)  
Born June 20, 1943.

NO. 264  
David Earl Cox, (82)  
Born June 18, 1944.

NO. 265  
Dorcas Jean Cox, (82)  
Born April 25, 1946.

NO. 266  
Audrey Louise Cox, (82)  
Born May 9, 1950.

NO. 267  
Pamala Cox, (84)  
Born May 21, 1945.

NO. 268  
James Albert Cox, (85)  
Born July 15, 1951.

NO. 269  
Bonnie Lynn Cox, (86)  
Born Feb. 21, 1945.

NO. 270  
Marilyn Biggs, (88)  
Born July 5, 1929.

NO. 271  
Norman Biggs, (88)  
Born March 29, 1931.

NO. 272  
Marlene Plunket, (89)  
Born May 5, 1938.

NO. 273  
Milton Lee Plunket, (89)  
Born July 7, 1942.

NO. 274  
John Sidney Plunket, (89)  
Born Oct. 5, 1949.

NO. 275  
Patricia Ann Johnson, (90)  
Born Aug. 27, 1950.

NO. 276  
Gerald E. Steele, (91)  
Born Sept. 13, 1945.

NO. 277  
Donna Louise Steele, (92)  
Born Dec. 13, 1942.

NO. 278  
David Edward Steele, (92)  
Born Feb. 25, 1948.

NO. 279  
Philip Lee Steele, (93)  
Born Feb. 9, 1945.

NO. 280  
Ellen A. Steele, (93)  
Born Dec. 7, 1948.

NO. 281  
Ray Edward Steele, (93)  
Born Oct. 21, 1949.

NO. 282  
Ruth Maxine Steele, (94)  
Born Feb. 3, 1945.

NO. 283  
Paul Samuel Steele, (94)  
Born April 6, 1947.

NO. 284  
Naomi Irene Steele, (96)  
Born Jan. 2, 1947.

NO. 285  
Daniel Steele, (96)  
Born Sept. 2, 1949.

NO. 286  
Russell E. Steele, (98)  
Born Nov. 27, 1949.

NO. 287  
David Eugene Artz, (99)  
Born Sept 8, 1935.

NO. 288  
Virginia Elizabeth Artz, (99)  
Born July 22, 1937.

NO. 289  
Donald Elwood Artz, (99)  
Born Sept. 14, 1938.

NO. 290  
Norman Edgar Artz, (99)  
Born Jan. 30, 1940.

NO. 291  
Daniel Elbert Artz, (99)  
Born Dec. 10, 1941.

NO. 292  
Rhodora Esther Artz, (99)  
Born Nov. 10, 1945.

NO. 293  
Jerry Michael Hoke, (100)  
Born Mar. 31, 1945.

NO. 294  
James Edward Hoke, (100)  
Born Nov. 9, 1951.

NO. 295  
Dean Edward Hoke, (101)  
Born Aug. 1, 1950.

NO. 296  
Larry Merle Hoke, (102)  
Born Jan. 31, 1946.

## NO. 297

Gary Lee Hoke, (102)  
Born Oct. 7, 1948.

## NO. 298

Stephen Craig Hoke, (102)  
Born Oct. 21, 1950.

## NO. 299

Rita Marie Batdorf, (106)  
Born Dec. 4, 1948.

## NO. 300

Van Carl Batdorf, (106)  
Born July 17, 1950.

## NO. 301

Carol Ann Hoke, (111)  
Born Aug. 15, 1940.

## NO. 302

Samuel Ambrose Hoke, Jr., (111)  
Born Aug. 19, 1941.

## NO. 303

David Raymond Hoke, (111)  
Born July 29, 1946.

## NO. 304

Timothy Hoke, (111)  
Born July 24, 1949.

## NO. 305

George William Hoke, (112)  
Born Oct. 7, 1947.

## NO. 306

Beth Ann Hoke, (112)  
Born Sept. 18, 1949.

## NO. 307

Dennis Orlin Metzger, (113)  
Born July 16, 1930.

## NO. 308

Mary Alice Metzger, (113)  
Born March 30, 1932.

## NO. 309

Ruth Ellen Metzger, (113)  
Born March 3, 1935.

## NO. 310

Betty Carolyn Thomas, (114)  
Born Oct. 23, 1934.  
Died April 27, 1937.

## NO. 311

Robert Lee Thomas, (114)  
Born Oct. 23, 1936.

## NO. 312

Virginia Ellen Thomas, (114)  
Born Jan. 18, 1941.

## NO. 313

Charles Everett Thomas, (114)  
Born March 22, 1944.

## NO. 314

Marie Ann Thomas, (114)  
Born Sept. 21, 1947.

## NO. 315

Melvin Ray Paulus, (115)  
Born Jan. 23, 1935.

## NO. 316

Millard Leo Paulus, (115)  
Born March 16, 1936.

## NO. 317

Norman Albert Paulus, (115)  
Born June 29, 1937.

## NO. 318

Berlin Keith Paulus, (115)  
Born Oct. 6, 1938.

## NO. 319

Earnest Dwain Paulus, (115)  
Born Jan. 18, 1940.

## NO. 320

David Edward Paulus, (115)  
Born Nov. 10, 1941.

## NO. 321

Denver Eugene Paulus, (115)  
Born June 3, 1943.

## NO. 322

Zelma Mae Paulus, (115)  
Born April 30, 1946.

## NO. 323

Wilmer J. Paulus, (115)  
Born Sept. 5, 1950.

## NO. 324

Esther Louise Hoke, (116)  
Born Jan. 14, 1934.

## NO. 325

Eldon Lee Hoke, (116)  
Born May 18, 1935.

## NO. 326

Noel Wayne Hoke, (116)  
Born Oct. 2, 1940.

## NO. 327

Myrna Faye Hoke, (116)  
Born Aug. 14, 1947.

## NO. 328

Stanley Ralph Hoke, (117)  
Born Feb. 1, 1940.

## NO. 329

Merydith Joanne Hoke, (117)  
Born Jan. 3, 1942.

## NO. 330

Anita Louise Hoke, (117)  
Born Jan. 11, 1946.

## NO. 331

Keith Ray Hoke, (117)  
Born June 15, 1948. Deceased.

## NO. 332

Marilyn Ruth Hoke, (118)  
Born Aug. 1, 1939.

## NO. 333

Dean Richard Hoke, (118)  
Born May 9, 1943.

## NO. 334

Patty Ann Hoke, (120)  
Born May 15, 1949.

## NO. 335

Coleen Diana Hoke, (120)  
Born Sept. 22, 1951.

## NO. 336

Vernon Martin, Jr., (121)  
Born Jan. 13, 1944.

## NO. 337

Douglas Hoke Martin, (121)  
Born March 30, 1945.

## NO. 338

Doris Gerrene Martin, (121)  
Born Sept. 14, 1948.

## NO. 339

Susan Elaine Martin, (121)  
Born Nov. 27, 1950.

## NO. 340

Cheryl Ann Hoke, (122)  
Born March 31, 1948.

## NO. 341

Barry Lynn Hoke, (122)  
Born Aug. 19, 1949.

## NO. 342

Shannon Gail Hoke, (122)  
Born July 27, 1950.

## NO. 343

Bruce Allen Hoke, (122)  
Born Aug. 16, 1951.

## NO. 344

Marjorie Charlene Rohrer, (127)  
Born June 11, 1942.

## NO. 345

Larry Wayne Rohrer, (127)  
Born June 6, 1944.

## NO. 346

Nevin Eugene Rohrer, (128)  
Born Feb. 23, 1942.

## NO. 347

J. Kenneth Rohrer, (128)  
Born June 10, 1944.

## NO. 348

Shirley Ann Kohler, (129)  
Born March 30, 1943.

## NO. 349

Jeanette Faye Kohler, (129)  
Born July 24, 1946.

## NO. 350

Barbra Elsie Kohler, (129)  
Born Aug. 11, 1948.

## NO. 351

Rebeccah Elaine Kohler, (129)  
Born Aug. 3, 1951.

## NO. 352

Donald Edward Guy, (133)  
Born Dec. 6, 1948.

## NO. 353

Dennis Alan Guy, (133)  
Born Dec. 6, 1948.

## NO. 354

Patty Kay Wheat, (134)  
Born Oct. 14, 1941.

## NO. 355

Peggy Jane Wheat, (134)  
Born May 16, 1944.

## NO. 356

Paula Sue Wheat, (134)  
Born May 28, 1948.

## NO. 357

Jane Babbitt, (135)  
Born July 19, 1944.

## NO. 358

Fred Allen Babbitt, (135)  
Born April 10, 1947.

## NO. 359

Karon Elaine Hoover, (136)  
Born Sept. 28, 1951.

## NO. 360

Raymond L. Hoover, (137)  
Born May 23, 1941.

## NO. 361

Joyce Ellen Hoover, (137)  
Born May 5, 1944.

NO. 362

Lois Ann Hoover, (137)  
Born July 31, 1945.

NO. 363

Robert Dale Detwiler, (139)  
Born March 10, 1951.

NO. 364

Roger Eugene Garwood, (142)  
Born Oct. 7, 1939.

NO. 365

Thomas Everett Garwood, (142)  
Born Jan. 24, 1945.

NO. 366

Forest Michael Garwood, (142)  
Born March 6, 1951.

NO. 367

Stephen Joe Newman, (143)  
Born April 28, 1941.

NO. 368

Timmy Newman, (143)  
Born Aug. 3, 1942.  
Died Dec. 1943.

NO. 369

Kurt Daniel Newman, (143)  
Born Sept. 18, 1945.

NO. 370

Lowell Newman, (143)  
Born Jan. 30, 1947.

NO. 371

Judd Michael Maggert, (144)  
Born Feb. 24, 1941.  
Died April 1, 1945.

NO. 372

Jennie Luella Maggert, (144)  
Born Oct. 20, 1942.

NO. 373

Jan Patrick Maggert, (144)  
Born Aug. 25, 1945.

NO. 374

Jill Ardith Maggert, (144)  
Born April 7, 1947.

NO. 375

Jed Mark Maggert, (144)  
Born Oct. 16, 1948.

NO. 376

Joel Kent Maggert, (144)  
Born June 17, 1950.

NO. 377

Philip Larry Maggert, (145)  
Born April 22, 1947.

NO. 378

Rebekah Faith Maggert, (145)  
Born Feb. 4, 1949.

NO. 379

Jerry Sanders, (146)  
Born Feb. 9, 1943.

NO. 380

John Sanders, (146)  
Born March 14, 1945.

NO. 381

Justin Sanders, (146)  
Born July 17, 1946.

NO. 382

Jeffery Sanders, (146)  
Born Oct. 3, 1948.

NO. 383

J. Charles Sanders, (146)  
Born Aug. 6, 1951.

NO. 384

Juda Mae Badgely, (147)  
Born March 13, 1944.

NO. 385

Mildred Jane Badgely, (147)  
Born May 6, 1946.

NO. 386

Dale Ernest Badgely, (147)  
Born July 21, 1947.

NO. 387

Shirley Badgely, (147)  
Born Oct. 7, 1949.

NO. 388

David Lee Badgely, (147)  
Born April 22, 1951.

NO. 389

Rickey Arthur Maggert, (148)  
Born Sept. 18, 1947.

NO. 390

Rose Frieda Maggert, (148)  
Born May 27, 1949.

NO. 391

Carl Jay Maggert, (148)  
Born May 31, 1951.

NO. 392

William Marion Morris, (150)  
Born Sept. 18, 1950.

NO. 393

Charles Richard Morris, (150)  
Born Aug. 29, 1951.

NO. 394

Rose Marie Hoover, (160)  
Born March 17, 1945.

## NO. 395

Anita Rae Hoover, (160)  
Born May 24, 1946.

## NO. 396

David Lowell Hoover, (160)  
Born Feb. 10, 1949.

## NO. 397

Larry David Hoover, (161)  
Born Dec. 1, 1946.

## NO. 398

Beth Ann Hoover, (161)  
Born Oct. 29, 1948.

## NO. 399

Philip Merle Hoover, (162)  
Born May 27, 1950.

## NO. 400

Richard Emery Hoover, (164)  
Born Jan. 22, 1948.

## NO. 401

Robin Elaine Hoover, (164)  
Born Sept. 30, 1950.

## NO. 402

Douglas Dale Hoover, (166)  
Born May 14, 1951.

## NO. 403

Ronald Lee Brumbaugh, (174)  
Born Sept. 20, 1941.

## NO. 404

Judith Ann Brumbaugh, (174)  
Born Dec. 19, 1943.

## NO. 405

David Allen Brumbaugh, Jr.,  
(174)  
Born Aug. 5, 1947.

## NO. 406

Jackie Lee Brumbaugh, (175)  
Born Sept. 11, 1941.

## NO. 407

Richard Duaine Brumbaugh,  
(175)  
Born Nov. 12, 1943.

## NO. 408

Arlene Kay Brumbaugh, (175)  
Born Jan. 14, 1945.

## NO. 409

Marlin Eugene Brumbaugh,  
(175)  
Born Jan. 12, 1947.

## NO. 410

Daniel Ray Brumbaugh, (175)  
Born Feb. 3, 1948.

## NO. 411

Peggy Yvonne Malott, (178)  
Born March 11, 1949.

## NO. 412

Carla Kay Hoke, (186)  
Born June 29, 1945.

## NO. 413

David Eugene Hoke, (186)  
Born Jan. 12, 1947.

## NO. 414

Jerry Carroll Hoke, (187)  
Born May 16, 1944.

## NO. 415

Crystal Ann Hoke, (187)  
Born Oct. 28, 1946.

## NO. 416

James Michael Hoke, (188)  
Born Jan. 26, 1951.

## NO. 417

Beverly Daun Andrews, (189)  
Born Sept. 6, 1949.

## NO. 418

Thomas Melvin Andrews, (189)  
Born April 26, 1951.

## NO. 419

Stephen Jay Hoke, (190)  
Born April 9, 1949.

## NO. 420

Rebecca Sue Hoke, (190)  
Born Aug. 31, 1950.

## NO. 421

Jeanette Paton Hoke, (193)  
Born March, 1951.

## NO. 422

Doris Jo Ann Flory, (197)  
Born Aug. 10, 1933.

## NO. 423

Donald Filmore Flory, (197)  
Born June 21, 1936.

## NO. 424

James Edward Deeter, (198)  
Born Jan. 11, 1933.

## NO. 425

Wendell Keith Stevenson, (202)  
Born Feb. 5, 1946.

## NO. 426

Richard Stevenson, (202)  
Born Dec. 10, 1949.

## NO. 427

Audrey Naomi Taylor, (203)  
Born Feb. 11, 1941.

NO. 428

Robert Rodney Taytor, (203)  
Born March 8, 1942.

NO. 429

Gary Eugene Taylor, (203)  
Born Jan. 7, 1944.

NO. 430

Barbara Ann Taylor, (203)  
Born June 29, 1946.

NO. 431

Richard Leroy Whited, (204)  
Born Jan. 13, 1944.

NO. 432

Nancy Carol Whited, (204)  
Born June 12, 1948.

NO. 433

Sandra Darlene Haney, (205)  
Born June 15, 1946.

NO. 434

Jacqueline Diane Haney, (205)  
Born Nov. 19, 1949.

NO. 435

Donald Dean Steele, (98)  
Born Nov. 27, 1951.

NO. 436

Neal Richard Blackburn, (105)  
Born Dec. 18, 1951.

NO. 437

Charlene Ann Batdorf, (106)  
Born Jan. 13, 1952.

## NINTH GENERATION

NO. 438

Judith Eileen Hoke, (230)  
Born Oct. 13, 1939.

NO. 439

Terry Lee Hoke, (230)  
Born Aug. 23, 1942.

NO. 440

Carol Ann Hoke, (230)  
Born Sept. 14, 1944.

NO. 441

Barbara Elizabeth Hoke, (231)  
Born July 17, 1951.

NO. 442

Rowena Ruthann Herr, (216)  
Born May 10, 1948.

NO. 443

Harlan George Herr, (216)  
Born May 9, 1949.

NO. 444

Verle Alden Brubaker, (217)  
Born March 8, 1950.

NO. 445

Janet Arlene Hoover, (208)  
Born Feb. 22, 1952.

NO. 446

Paul Edward Cox, (82)  
Born Mar. 10, 1952.

NO. 447

Joseph Edward Steele, (96)  
Born May 3, 1952.

NO. 448

Darlene Kay Martin, (121)  
Born Mar. 10, 1952.

NO. 449

Arlene Naomi Paulus, (115)  
Born March 20, 1952.

NO. 450

Filene Ruth Paulus, (115)  
Born March 20, 1952.

NO. 451

Robert Dean Freeze, (71)  
Born April 22, 1952.

NO. 452

Mark William Beery, (177)  
Born June 19, 1952.

NO. 453

Barbara Mary Brubaker, (217)  
Born June 4, 1952.

NO. 454

Chester J. Hoke, III, (193)  
Born Jan. 11, 1952

No.

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292 Artz, Rhodora Esther, (99)

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## SECTION II

Seth Aaron Hoke.  
 Born Feb. 16, 1853  
 Died May 15, 1917.  
 Married Catherine Dohner,  
 Died Feb. 10, 1890.  
 Children: Oscar, Sallie, Bertha,  
 Effie, Jerry and Katie.  
 Married Catherine Miller,  
 Born Sept. 29, 1869..  
 Died June 9, 1946.  
 Children: John Moses, Elizabeth  
 Susanne, Ruby Mae, Ruth Anna-  
 belle, Esther Martha, Grace Zip-  
 porah and Ralph.

### NO. 1

Oscar Allen Hoke,  
 Born Feb. 4, 1878.  
 Married Dora Worch, deceased.  
 Children: Chelsie and Treva.

### NO. 2

Sallie Hoke Boyer,  
 Born July 1, 1880.  
 Married Alva Boyer.  
 Children: Roy.

### NO. 3

Bertha Hoke Kiehl,  
 Born Sept. 3, 1882.  
 Married Chas. Kiehl,  
 Children: Clarence, Arthur,  
 Ralph and Gladys.

### NO. 4

Effie Hoke Sanderson,  
 Born Oct. 10, 1884.  
 Died June 19, 1937.  
 Married Arthur Sanderson.  
 Children: Joyce.

### NO. 5

Jerry Hoke,  
 Born Aug. 15, 1886.  
 Married Hazel Brandon.  
 Died July 11, 1943.  
 Children: Alice, Carl Richard,  
 Marion Robert, Glenna, Wayne,  
 Lloyd and Janet.

### NO. 6

Katie Hoke Brewer,  
 Born Oct. 25, 1888.  
 Married Arthur Brewer.  
 Children: Glen H.

### NO. 7

John M. Hoke.  
 Born Aug. 23, 1894.  
 Married Mary C. Shaner,  
 Children: Gerald, Marigene, Lois,  
 Phyllis, Shirley, Johnny, Donna  
 and Janice Sue.

### NO. 8

Elizabeth Susanna Hoke,  
 Born Jan. 2, 1896.

# NO. 9

Ruby Mae Hoke,  
Born July 1, 1897.

# NO. 10

Ruth Annabelle Hoke Dawson.  
Born Aug. 28, 1900.  
Married Earl A. Dawson.  
Children: Donald Lee, Ruth  
Eileen, Erma Mae and Evelyn.

# NO. 11

Esther Martha Hoke.  
Born July 23, 1904.

# NO. 12

Grace Zipporah Hoke.  
Born Dec. 26, 1906.

# NO. 13

Ralph Hoke  
Born Feb. 13, 1914.  
Married Lelah Perry.  
Children: Jane Erlyn, Charles  
Edward, Carolyn Kay.

# NO. 14

Chelsie Hoke, (1)  
Born Oct. 20, 1904. Deceased.

# NO. 15

Treva Hoke Reeser, (1)  
Born May 29, 1916.  
Married Paul Reeser.  
Children: Judy, Tommy, Kerry  
and Terry.

# NO. 16

Roy Boyer, (2)  
Born Feb. 19, 1908.  
Married Mildred Button.  
Children: Richard and Dale.

# NO. 17

Clarence Kiehl, (3)  
Born May 12, 1910.  
Married Mary Stahl.  
Children: Edward, Bertha,  
David, Charles and Donald.

# NO. 18

Arthur Kiehl, (3)  
Born Nov. 2, 1911.  
Married Mary Stump.  
Children: Phyllis.

# NO. 19

Ralph Kiehl, (3)  
Born Nov. 9, 1913.  
Married Opal Fessler.  
Children: Harold.

# NO. 20

Gladys Kiehl Hartle, (3)  
Born March 9, 1919.  
Married Frank Hartle.  
Children: Frederick and Janet.

# NO. 21

Joyce Sanderson, (4)  
Born Mar. 25, 1925.  
Married Jane Longfellow.  
Children: Sally Sue.

# NO. 22

Alice Lourene Hoke Bish, (5)  
Born June 2, 1914.  
Married Chalmer Bish.  
Children: Thomas and Jerry.

# NO. 23

Carl Richard Hoke, (5)  
Born Feb. 3, 1917.  
Married Phyllis Klinger.

# NO. 24

Marion Robert Hoke, (5)  
Born Jan. 9, 1919.  
Married Monzella Zieger.  
Children: Cheryl Lynn.

# NO. 25

Glenna Mae Hoke Harbison, (5)  
Born April 7, 1920.  
Married Richard Harbison.  
Children: Douglas Richard, Carol  
Ann and Jeffery William.

# NO. 26

Wayne Brandon Hoke, (5)  
Born Feb. 16, 1926.  
Married Adela Berger.  
Children: John Wayne.

# NO. 27

Lloyd Byron Hoke, (5)  
Born Feb. 16, 1926.  
Married Claudine Crowell.

# NO. 28

Janet June Hoke Utz, (5)  
Born June 6, 1929.  
Married Emerson Utz.

# NO. 29

Glen H. Brewer, (6)  
Born May 3, 1920.  
Married Norma Waggoner.  
Children: Patricia, Dean Frank-  
lin.

NO. 30

Gerald Hoke, (7)  
Born Aug. 18, 1920.  
Married Frances Moore.  
Children: Suzanne and Connie.

NO. 31

Marigene Hoke, (7)  
Born Oct. 3, 1921.

NO. 32

Lois Hoke Brannigan, (7)  
Born April 11, 1926.  
Married William Brannigan.  
Children: Patrick, Molly, Kathy  
Lou and Daniel Laurence.

NO. 33

Phyllis Hoke Harwood, (7)  
Born June 18, 1927.  
Married James Harwood.  
Children: James.

NO. 34

Shirley Hoke Hoilman, (7)  
Born April 22, 1929.  
Married Thomas Hoilman  
Children: Marcia.

NO. 35

John Hoke, (7)  
Born Aug. 20, 1931.

NO. 36

Donna Mae Hoke, (7)  
Born Dec. 9, 1934.

NO. 37

Janice Sue Hoke, (7)  
Born Aug. 28, 1936.

NO. 38

Donald Lee Dawson, (10)  
Born Oct. 2, 1925.  
Married Dorothy Mae Dunn.

NO. 39

Ruth Eileen Dawson Summers,  
(10)  
Born Sept. 19, 1926.  
Married Robert Summers.  
Children: Jean Ann, Robert  
Eugene, Jr., Francis Eileen and  
Rosemary Kay.

NO. 40

Evelyn Jeanette Dawson Jenkins,  
(10)  
Born Jan. 10, 1928.  
Married Max Edwin Jenkins.  
Children: Patty.

NO. 41

Erma Mae Dawson, (10)  
Born Feb. 28, 1938.

NO. 42

Jane Erlyn Hoke, (13)

NO. 43

Charles Edward Hoke, (13)

NO. 44

Carolyn Kay Hoke, (13)

NO. 45

Judy Reeser, (15)

NO. 46

Tommy Reeser, (15)

NO. 47

Kerry Reeser, (15)

NO. 48

Terry Reeser, (15)

NO. 49

Richard Boyer, (16)

NO. 50

Dale Boyer, (16)

NO. 51

Edward Kiehl, (17)

NO. 52

Bertha Kiehl, (17)

NO. 53

David Kiehl, (17)

NO. 54

Charles Kiehl, (17)

NO. 55

Donald Kiehl, (17)

NO. 56

Phyllis Kiehl, (18)

NO. 57

Harold Kiehl, (19)

NO. 58

Frederick Hartle, (20)

NO. 59

Janet Hartle, (20)

NO. 60

Sally Sue Sanderson, (21)

NO. 61

Thomas Bish, (22)

NO. 62

Jerry Bish, (22)

NO. 63

Cheryl Lynn Hoke, (24)

NO. 64

Douglas Richard Harbison, (25)

NO. 65

Carol Ann Harbison, (25)

NO. 66  
 Jeffery William Harbison, (25)  
 NO. 67  
 Patricia Brewer, (29)  
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 Suzanne Hoke, (30)  
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 Patrick Brannigan, (32)  
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 Molly Brannigan, (32)  
 NO. 71  
 James Harwood, (33)  
 NO. 72  
 Marcia Hoilman, (34)  
 NO. 73  
 Jean Ann Summers, (39)  
 NO. 74  
 Robert Eugene Summers, Jr., (39)  
 NO. 75  
 Francis Eileen Summers, (39)

NO. 76  
 Rosemary Kay Summers, (39)  
 NO. 77  
 Patty Jenkins, (40)  
 NO. 78  
 John Wayne Hoke, (26)  
 Born Jan. 15, 1952.  
 NO. 79  
 Dean Franklin Brewer, (29)  
 Born Feb. 11, 1952.  
 NO. 80  
 Connie Hoke, (30)  
 Born Jan. 4, 1951.  
 NO. 81  
 Kathy Lou Brannigan, (32)  
 Born Nov. 19, 1950.  
 NO. 82  
 Daniel Laurence Brannigan, (32)  
 Born Nov. 20, 1951.

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## MEMORANDA







